

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. IV }

No. 3779 December 9, 1916

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VOL. CCXCI }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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AT THE EDGE OF THE SEA.

There was a river that rose  
In the cool of the morn,  
It leaped down the side of the mountain,  
And ran through the meadows and  
corn,  
But it came at the last to a cave  
By the edge of the sea,  
And it fell through the darkness and  
vanished  
Forever from me.

I am sad for the river that fell  
Through the darkness away,  
From the meadows and corn, from the  
sun,  
From the light of the day;  
I could weep for the river that danced  
In the light of the day,  
And sank through the darkness and  
vanished  
Forever away.

*James Stephens.*

TO "HIM THAT'S AWA'."

If I have ever dimmed with tears  
The glory of your high emprise  
Obscured with shadow of my fears  
The Vision Splendid from your eyes—  
Forgive me, dear.

If beneath outward show of calm  
You read my woman's anxious heart,  
Knew that soul-deep I dreaded harm,  
In secret failed to bear my part—  
Forget it, dear.

The brief disloyalty has passed—  
Since Love betrayed, Love shall inspire—  
A flame has touched my soul at last,  
Lit from a consecrated fire—  
Your purpose, dear.

*Mrs. J. O. Arnold.*

The Bookman.

SONG.

Sweet are ye, O ye blossoms, with  
mouths of dripping honey,  
But I have known a breath that filled my  
hours with richer balm,  
And I have known a bolder grace than  
yours, O slim lianas,  
A statelier grace than yours, O sunlit  
cypress and O palm!

Soft are your caresses, O winds from  
blowing valley,  
But I have known a touch that stirred  
my blood to subtler pain,  
And I have known a voice that called  
with a diviner cadence  
Than lilt of vernal rivers and the song of  
autumn rain.  
Swift art thou, O lightning, to sear the  
purple midnight,  
But I have known a glance that burned  
with more intrepid flame,  
And I have known a prouder heart than  
yours, O dauntless eagle,  
A wilder heart no love could teach, no  
destiny could tame.

*Sarojini Naidu.*

The Modern Review (Calcutta).

THE LONE WOMAN.

They're gathering now at yon cross  
roads.

I hear the wail of a violin.  
Ah, heart in my breast, be keeping still!  
The women won't dance if I go in.

They're playing the tune he used to love  
Before he went away to the West.  
They're playing the tune we danced to  
best,  
It goes to my heart like my child's  
caress.

They're dancing a reel at yon cross  
roads.

I hear the sound of a violin.  
Ah, heart in my breast, be keeping still!  
The women won't dance if I go in.

*Robert A. Christie.*

The Saturday Review.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS TO TRUTH.

As is the mainland to the sea,  
Thou art to me:  
Thou standest stable, while against thy  
feet  
I beat, I beat!

Yet from thy cliffs, so sheer, so tall,  
Sands crumble and fall;  
And golden grains of thee my tides each  
day  
Carry away.

Nature.

*William Watson.*

## AMERICA AND THE U53.

For many weeks a lookout has been kept along the Atlantic coast of America for the German submarine liner the *Bremen*, sister ship of the *Deutschland*, but up to the present time she has not put in an appearance. On October 7th, however, a German submarine did arrive in an American harbor. The U53, a large war submarine of latest type and long-range cruising ability, made a dramatic and unexpected appearance in the American harbor of Newport, evaded the British and American patrols, and even escaped the notice of vessels chartered by German interests and engaged in a seaward watch for the overdue *Bremen*.

The U53 remained but three hours in the American harbor. A bag of dispatches was delivered to the German Ambassador, no supplies were taken on board, and the submersible departed ostensibly to return to Wilhelmshaven, which port she had left seventeen days previous to her arrival in America. As soon as neutral waters were cleared, however, the U53 began a career of destruction, which resulted in the sinking of eight merchant vessels, seven under the British flag and one under the Dutch. Among the British ships destroyed was a liner plying between Halifax and Boston, on which were seventy-nine passengers, most of them Americans.

The crews and passengers of all the ships destroyed were ordered into the boats and sent adrift. Admiral Cleaves, of the American squadron stationed at Newport, acting in response to wireless calls from the vessels attacked, promptly dispatched a flotilla of seventeen destroyers to the rescue, and, so far as is known, no lives were lost, owing to the promptness and able seamanship shown by the American naval force. The Dutch ship sent to the bottom was

the *Blommersdijk*, a freighter carrying a cargo of grain belonging to the Netherlands Government. The U53 then disappeared.

This is apparently the whole story of the latest exploit of a German submarine, and shorn of all sensational rumors as to fleets of submarines, hidden bases, supply ships, and other more or less improvised newspaper tales, it is probably all there is to it so far as the actual incident is concerned. The political disturbance, however, has been even greater than the disturbance in the Atlantic. A tremendous excitement in America, great newspaper headlines, a flurry on the New York Stock Exchange, and demands upon Washington that something should be done, and at once, followed the visit of the submarine to Newport quite as a matter of course.

From August, 1914, the Allied Navies have maintained a "blockade" of the Atlantic ports of the United States. That is to say, no enemy ship was allowed to enter or leave one of those ports without running a grave risk of destruction by Allied warships as soon as the three-mile limit of neutral water was passed. In the earlier days of the war passengers on steamships entering or leaving New York Harbor were always afforded a glimpse of one of England's war vessels steaming slowly east or west on patrol duty. It was considered by the American Government that this blockade was a little too much in evidence, and a request was made of the Allies that the vessels lying in wait for enemy ships and cargo should keep just a little farther away—out of sight from land, at any rate, in order that Americans might not be reminded so constantly of the disappearance of that freedom of the seas which had been the privilege of

all vessels under any flag before the war. The Allies promptly complied with the suggestion and withdrew their vessels from what Americans looked upon as home waters. Up to the early part of October, 1916, this arrangement was successful; no loss was incurred by the Allied cause, and American susceptibilities were no longer offended.

The German commercial submarine, the *Deutschland*, evaded the Allied patrol, entered an American port, discharged her cargo, reloaded, and again dodging the warships, returned safely to Bremen. Another commercial submarine, the *Bremen*, left Germany on a similar mission, but so far has not been heard from, though long overdue. A life-belt from this boat was reported as having been washed ashore on the American coast, but whether this carried a message of disaster at sea from ordinary causes, if such a term may be used in connection with these new and remarkable engines of transport, or it revealed anew the effectiveness of the Allied patrol of the Atlantic, we are not as yet allowed to know. At any rate, the *Bremen* has not yet put in an appearance in an American port, and it now seems unlikely that she will ever realize upon the welcome prepared for her by the German-American community.

The fact that no lives were lost from the vessels destroyed by the U53 is not the fault of the submarine commander. We are told that the sea was smooth, but the weather thick, and had the crews and passengers been compelled to depend upon the ships' boats reaching land in safety the toll of death might have been heavy. As it was, the passengers on the boat from Halifax had to abandon their personal property in the cabins and trust themselves to the sea without making provision against possible bad weather, starvation, or thirst. It was, of course, with

no thought of assisting Germany to observe her promise to the United States to avoid the taking of non-combatant life on merchantmen destroyed by submarines that the American Admiral sent his destroyers at full speed to the rescue. It was merely a prompt and effective response to a call for help from ships' crews in distress—such help as would be given by either the American or the British Navy in any emergency of the sea when human life was in danger. The Dutch Government naturally made quick demand upon Germany for an explanation of the sinking of the *Blommersdijk*, and the report is now that the German Government acknowledges the "error" and agrees to pay damages in full for the ship and cargo.

The whole affair left in its wake in America a most confusing situation at a time when national politics were at fever heat. On the face of things the Germans have as much right as the Allies to "blockade" the Atlantic coast of America outside of the three-mile limit. The Allied patrol, as stated, was withdrawn from certain areas of Atlantic waters close to the American coast at the request of the American Government. It has yet to be authoritatively stated as to whether such withdrawal removed the Allied war vessels from the waters in which the merchant vessels were destroyed by the U53. If this be so, Germany took to herself an unfair advantage and flouted the American Government, for the German Admiralty is, of course, well aware as to the Allied patrol and the range of its operations. If the Allied patrol still extended over the waters in which the U53 operated, the German attack upon British shipping is, on the face of things, still on all fours with the British "blockade" of American ports so far as the Allies are concerned. When, however, the class of war vessels employed in the two "blockades" is taken



into consideration, the similarity of action and purpose on the part of Britain and Germany disappears, and we have on the one hand an open and above-sea challenge to German shipping as against a war on British shipping conducted by vessels to which international law is a stranger, and over which neutral countries have no control even in their own neutral harbors.

Herein lies the crux of the whole matter and the source of all neutral perplexity. Had Germany sent a non-submersible war vessel to America and that vessel had succeeded in destroying eight merchantmen, taking the crews and passengers aboard or landing them in safety elsewhere by other process, as in the case of the *Appam*, the position to be taken by the American Government would have been obviously simple—armed watchfulness over neutral rights. There is no international law for submarines, however, and the effort to apply the law for above-sea boats to those that are submersible has been a failure, as President Wilson has been brought to realize more than once. The only phase of existing international naval law and usage that can and must be applied to submarines through an enforceable agreement on the part of the naval Powers of the future is that dealing with the humanities. The laws of humanity can apply to all international affairs no matter what the ingenuity of man may devise in the way of death-dealing sea-going machines. There is a natural reluctance on the part of neutrals in this war to make new international law. This is especially true in the case of submarines, for it is recognized that they are the only naval weapons in the use of which Germany is on a par with her enemies. For neutrals to make arbitrary rules governing the use of under-sea boats that would hamper their activities means that such action is directed against the Central Powers.

To forbid their use altogether would hurt Germany and help the Allies. In proportion, therefore, as neutrals insist upon the restriction of submarine activities Germany is hampered and the Allies given greater freedom of action upon the sea. This must always be borne in mind in judging the action or the inaction of the American Government in crises that arise out of submarine activities. The case of the U53 is one in point. The American naval authorities have given out a preliminary statement to the effect that, so far as is known, the commander of the submarine had observed the letter of international sea law in what he did.

President Wilson, in the meantime, has remained silent except for the announcement made for him that the Government would make no statement or take no action until a full and detailed investigation was made of all the circumstances attendant upon the visit of the U53 to American waters and her operations after she left them. This investigation is being made by a Naval Board, whose report will be made to President Wilson. When that report is in hand the President will have the facts in the case on which to base any action he may decide to take. It seems to be the general belief at the time this is written that some form of protest to Germany may result, but if the report of the Naval Board shows no violation of international law as conceived in Washington, the protest can be no more than a request to Germany to do her work at sea further away from American shores, where she cannot depend upon the co-operation of the American Navy to save her from a violation of the promise given to the American Government to observe the laws of humanity in conducting submarine warfare on merchantmen. There are many circumstances surrounding this exploit of the U53 that do not reflect credit upon the German Navy,

and the whole affair is an offense to the American nation. Any warship of a belligerent country has a right to visit a neutral port once in three months, to remain in that port twenty-four hours, and to secure supplies and fuel sufficient to reach her nearest home port. In spite of a protest made by the Allies, the United States Government holds that this right or privilege can be exercised by under-sea as well as over-sea vessels. By a coincidence, the American reply to the protest of the Allies was given to the public the day after the U53 came into Newport, but it is stated that it was sent before the United States Government had any knowledge of the impending visit.

The contention of the Allies was that all submarines, those of war or commerce, should be denied the privilege of neutral ports on the ground that the rules governing the visits of ordinary war vessels could not be enforced; that the said neutral countries could not be sure as to the identity of the boat in question, and could not be sure of controlling their activities as against danger to neutral interests. It was also suggested that the harboring of enemy submarines might be a source of danger to similar vessels belonging to neutrals, as it would be difficult for belligerents to distinguish between neutral and enemy vessels in case of pursuit. To advance this argument appears to have been somewhat ill-judged on the part of the Allies, as it was interpreted as a threat. The American reply dealt in detail only with this point. The American Government reserved the right to treat visiting submarines as it saw fit and to apply to them the same rules as were applied to all war vessels. It also gave a spirited reply to the suggestion of danger to neutral submarines from attacks by belligerents in error as to the nationality of a vessel as follows:—

"In order, however, that there should be no misunderstanding as to the attitude of the United States, the Government of the United States announces to the Allied Powers that it holds it to be the duty of the belligerent Powers to distinguish between submarines of neutral and belligerent nationality, and that the responsibility for any conflict that may arise between belligerent warships and neutral submarines on account of the neglect of the belligerent so to distinguish between these classes of submarines must rest entirely upon the negligent Power."

The request of the Allies to America not to give visiting facilities to submarines rather gives the impression of a "try-on," and it would not be complimentary to the intelligence of the Allied Governments to assume that they really believed it would come off. The answer made by America could have been easily and accurately forecasted by anyone familiar with the effort that is being made in Washington to maintain a nicely balanced neutrality, and the surprise, not to say irritation, shown at the hardly concealed threat of danger to neutral vessels was not only natural, but inevitable. From any point of view it is difficult to see what gain there was to the Allied cause in sending such a Note, and it is not at all difficult to advance a number of excellent reasons why it should not have been sent.

There seems to be an impression that the answer would have been different if it had been made after the visit of the U53, but there is no ground for this impression. The affair of the U53 is between the United States and Germany, and not between the United States and the formulation of any new international sea law at the suggestion of the Allies. The United States has most emphatically impressed upon the German Government that the rela-

tions of the two Governments could not be made contingent upon the dealings of the United States with other Governments, especially that of Britain, and as the American Note to the British Government says: "The Government of the United States reserves its liberty in all respects and will treat such vessels (submarines) as in its opinion becomes the action of a Power which may be said to have taken the first step towards establishing the principles of neutrality, and which for over a century has maintained these principles in the traditional spirit and with the high sense of impartiality in which they were conceived."

The news that American naval vessels were compelled under a call of pure humanity to chase about the Atlantic rescuing the victims of the activities of the U53, and the realization that these things happened at a

The Fortnightly Review.

point close to American shores where the ship lanes are most congested, aroused vast uneasiness and no little indignation in America. What the American newspapers said about it was not very important, with a bitterly fought national election to be held within a few days. The story that the U53 was sent to America at this time for the purpose of embarrassing President Wilson in his campaign for re-election is a bit far-fetched, but if true the results must be a great disappointment to the senders, for while indignation against Germany has been aroused both in America and in Holland, President Wilson is handling the whole matter in his usual careful and passionless manner, and when he does speak he will probably voice a majority public opinion. In fact, Germany may have unwittingly furnished him with good campaign material.

James Davenport Whelpley.

## IRELAND AND THE WAR.

"I am sure the natural effect of fidelity, clemency, kindness in governors, is peace, goodwill, order, and esteem, on the part of the governed. I would certainly, at least, give these fair principles a fair trial; which, since the making of this Act to this hour, they have never had."—*Edmund Burke.*

It is a long, long way to Tipperary; but somehow we always get back there. The dramatic debate in the House of Commons has shown to the blindest that the Irish question is still with us. Banquo's ghost, that intolerable intruder, glimmers again at the table of Empire. Once more we have to learn that in the supreme test of war national unity and affection play as great a part in achieving victory as the pomp of armies or the majesty of fleets.

It is scarcely too much to say that on the courage, patience, and sanity

with which we now face this new Irish issue will depend both the degree and the virtue of our victory in the great war.

The British stock is doubtless still able to justify alone its claim to World-Empire. It is ready to face alone in arms, both by sea and land, the challenge of the Teuton Powers. Great Britain does not feel as yet the need of the later Roman Empire—to solicit help in its mighty tasks of defense and salvage. The British people will not whine or sulk if it should happen that they have to bear unaided the full burden of this mighty strife.

But they would prefer to conquer as the United Kingdom and Empire which they claim to be. They would like to bring with them, after the war, into the world councils of peace, the loyalty and acclaim of all the divers peoples united beneath the Island

Sceptre. They do not wish to have as witness against them a Cinderella from their own household. They desire no internal division at that critical moment when they have to sustain their championship of liberty at the bar of the unbelieving world. They would rather have Ireland with them. This has been shown to be the attitude of the great mass of the British people—even in the least expected quarters—towards all recent attempts at "settlement." If the British war-case is to be upheld to the end unsullied before the world, that spirit must persist until it prevails.

The mood of the British people, as a whole, towards Ireland at the present moment is set on peace and goodwill. All that is necessary is that that mood shall translate itself into deeds. The Home Rule Act has been placed on the Statute Book after a political struggle of sustained and prolonged vehemence, in which the British masses supported their leaders with a splendid constancy and clearness of vision. The passions of that struggle have been merged in the still greater emotions of the war; but the purpose still prevails. The simple people of Great Britain, so much wiser and greater than those who profess to enlighten them, have known from the beginning of the war that the moral, if not also the material, defeat of Germany, depended on the good treatment of Ireland. To achieve and establish a vivid contrast between the condition of Ireland and the condition of Belgium and Serbia—that was perhaps the most essential aim of public policy in the whole conduct of the war.

This was all the more easy because, as it happened, the issue of the war was taken up with sincere enthusiasm by the Irish people—an enthusiasm splendidly voiced by Mr. John Redmond in a series of great war orations. The rally of the British people in August, 1914, to the help of a little na-

tion in trouble appealed to the heart of Ireland. Then there were other fortunate circumstances—the sympathy of the Irish people for Belgium, the community of religious faith, the old historic ties between France and Ireland. There have been some critics on both sides of the Channel who have blamed Mr. Redmond for giving his support to the war until he saw in actual working order an Irish Parliament in Dublin. The British people are too generous to join in such strictures. They would have despised Mr. Redmond if he had trafficked in generous impulses. But they on their side are also great enough of vision to realize that without any formal bargain—perhaps even more for its absence—there is such a thing as a moral debt.

At first things went very well with Ireland. With the opening of the war and the terrible news from Belgium, there came the first great rush of the Irish people to arms—the rival eagerness of the Green and the Orange—that pleasant illusion of a changed world, in which all old feuds and hatreds were merged in a greater cause. Old "watchers of the skies" know full well that these moods pass, and that not even the greatest of wars will prevent causes producing effects, or make rivers run back to their sources. But the events of those portentous days seemed sent to confound the sceptical. The deeds of the Irish regiments on the riven fields of France—the dauntless and incredible sacrifices on the beaches of Gallipoli—all these things are written in the book of time and fate. The British people is not given to ingratitude. These things were noted and are still green in the memory of every generous Englishman. The mingled stocks that inhabit Great Britain—Saxon, Norman, and Celt—are not wanting in warlike capacity. Lovers of peace, they have still shown



that they are ready at need to follow the trumpet's call. But they have always fully admitted that there is in the Irish soldiers a peculiar quality of electric zeal and dash. "Missile troops" they have been called; and the phrase is eloquent of much. Those who most doubt the Irishman's capacity in civil affairs are often the readiest to admit his fury and prowess in battle.

It might therefore naturally have been assumed that the organizers of war who had most to gain from that element in their armies would have spared no pains to sustain and encourage the zeal of the Irish people in this cause. They might even have been expected to have been ready to make some concessions on the political side in order to achieve a military aim; for such in the past has been the policy of all great military empires towards their subject peoples. But it had, unfortunately, happened shortly before the war that the heads of the British Army—especially the Army in Ireland—had been seriously affected by certain political views, even to the extent of affecting their professional conduct. The influences that produced the Praetorian revolt at the Curragh do not seem to have been expelled from the blood of the Army chieftains by the grim fact of foreign war. "Never meddle in politics," was always the advice of the older school of British soldiers; and the results of such meddling upon the present situation seem to prove that they were right.

From the very start the enthusiasm of the West and South of Ireland was steadily snubbed and discouraged. Just when Irishmen had laid aside their old resentments and taken on new loyalties, they were treated as suspects and enemies. It was as if the very purpose and object was to drive them back into rebellion.

It is worth while to recall in fuller detail some of the incidents narrated

to the House by Mr. John Redmond. The War Office began by refusing to accept for the defense of Ireland Mr. Redmond's offer of 25,000 Volunteers—a force which Mr. Redmond would certainly have been able to raise to 140,000 at least. They then refused the offer of Nationalist Ireland to raise an Irish Army Corps. Consenting at last, after great pressure, to allow the Irish of the South to raise a Division to correspond to the Ulster Division, they proceeded to mar and maim that permission by a series of incredible rebuffs. They refused to allow these Irishmen to accept any design for a national badge for their Division—whether shamrock, Irish harp, or any other—although Wales was allowed her dragon and the North of Ireland conceded the use of her "Bloody Hand." These reasonable concessions to Wales and Ulster only embittered the refusal to Ireland. But that was not all. A movement was started among the women of Ireland, Unionist as well as Nationalist—including such eminent ladies as Lady Mayo and Lady Dunraven—to supply the Irish regiments of this Irish Division with Irish-woven flags. The Irish command was friendly; but the movement was peremptorily vetoed by a telegram from the British War Office. The only wonder is that, after such plain hints to limit their ardor, the Irishmen were so disrespectful to the War Office as to exhibit so much valor and daring on the fields of Flanders.

There were other incidents. Mr. Joseph Devlin, the able and eloquent Nationalist member who sits for West Belfast, had thrown himself into the recruiting campaign. In splendid rivalry with the Orangemen of Ulster he had raised five battalions of Irish Catholics at Belfast. These new regiments were to be brought south to join the Irish Division; and it was proposed to march them through Dublin in order



to encourage recruiting. At this point the War Office again intervened. It was apparently considered dangerous to create these new bonds of sympathy between Dublin and Belfast. These gallant men, guilty of no other crime than that of volunteering to fight the battles of the British Empire, were kept waiting in the wet and cold at a station outside Dublin, and were finally taken round Dublin on a loop line so as to avoid a march through the city.

Now Ireland is a very sentimental country. It is possible that in England such behavior—not without parallels in the treatment of our English Volunteers—would have been dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. "The War Office again!" is our way of taking it. The Englishman knows how and where to make allowances for his own institutions—because, however bad, they are still his own institutions. He has had a long training in distinguishing between his country and his Government. We cannot imagine that even such incidents as these would have shaken the deep-seated resolve of Lancashire or Yorkshire.

But in Ireland the British Government is regarded as standing for Great Britain in its relations to Ireland. The smallest action of the Whitehall administration is looked upon as the considered action of the British people. Suspicion has unhappily become deeply-rooted in the mind of Ireland—suspicion fertilized by long centuries of suffering and betrayal. The aim of every British Government should be to disarm this suspicion and to show that it is no longer justified. So far from such a policy, the British War Office really acted in 1914 as if it was their intention to confirm and establish suspicion and distrust as the only working principle in the relations of the two countries.

The nationalism of Ireland, once

treated with respect and regard, may some day become a deep source of strength to the Empire. That great harmony has been already achieved in regard to Wales and Scotland—not to speak of French Canada and Dutch South Africa. Why not also in Ireland? With sympathy and intelligence such an achievement is surely not beyond the reach of statesmanship.

But to the mind of the War Office in 1914-15 such a day-spring had not yet dawned. They pursued narrowly and doggedly the old churlish track, with the old churlish results.

See what happened.

Very gradually—as if reluctant to believe that nothing had changed—the great hope of 1914 faded in Ireland. Recruiting in the South and West gradually waned. The belief that they were to be treated as part of the Empire died out. The discovery was made that they were still to be treated as possible rebels. The Home Rule Act was on the Statute Book. But in practice and conduct the War Office acted as if nothing had changed.

In Belfast, the only part of Ireland which has achieved genuine Home Rule, the Catholics and Nationalists continued to recruit as freely and willingly as the Protestants and Orangemen. In the South and West of Ireland, the people, snubbed and discouraged, finding insult and rebuff the only payment for Imperialism, held aloof. It seemed that they were not wanted. Very well, then they would husband their lives for another occasion. You cannot compel a Government to let you die for it.

It is even now difficult to imagine that the military authorities wished to encourage recruiting for the Irish Division. For at this critical moment there began that disastrous "crabbing" of the Irish regiments fighting at the front. Lord French, always fair to Irishmen, had given them full credit

for their heroism on the western front. But in the dispatches from the East, and especially the Dardanelles, there were omissions which may have been merely casual and careless, but seemed chosen and deliberate. The splendid sacrifices of Irishmen on those blood-stained cliffs and beaches were—so it was suspected in Ireland—to be concealed because the men were Nationalists and Catholics. Thus the very incidents which, properly used, might have aroused in Ireland a fresh outburst of crusading enthusiasm produced another secretion of sullen suspicion and resentment. These maimed dispatches seemed to confirm all the fears already at that time created by the formation of the Coalition Government and the promotion of Sir Edward Carson to be Attorney-General.

Many of these irritants were doubtless accidental, and would have been accepted as such by a nation less absorbed in the egoism of its own calamitous past. But making every allowance, we must still agree—as Mr. Lloyd George, indeed, has admitted with a frankness which is the best earnest of better things—that there was a grave want of tact, care and good judgment. Once more, as so often in previous history, England forgot Ireland.

It was not only, alas! that the recruiting stopped. The young Irishmen who now held aloof from the British Army and the Nationalist Volunteers were not inclined to remain outside the great world distraction. When the whole world is converted into a gigantic Donnybrook Fair, you cannot reasonably expect Irishmen to sit by their firesides. The flame of war patriotism flickered: but the taste for war remained. The men who held aloof from the British recruiting agents and the despised Nationalist Volunteers began to drift towards one of those alternatives of violence, which always have their representatives on the extreme

wing of the Irish national movement. The Sinn Feiners were the Lorelei of Irish nationalism, tempting men on to the rocks with amiable lyrics and dithyrambs, veiling violence in dreams of pacifism, skilled in that iridescent contrariness which is the curse of minor Irish literature. They represented no political idea except a badly-understood precedent from the Hungarian revolution. They embodied no policy. But they offered a shadowy royal road to victory: and the disillusion of 1915 prepared a hearing for them among the young people of Ireland, not yet trained to climb the slow ascent of the Irish constitutional hill.

So came the Rebellion of the spring of 1916.

The report and minutes of the Commission which inquired into that tragic and disastrous event have shown us one side only of its incidents and causes. But it is dramatic enough. Here was a movement of the most trifling kind—possessed of only 500 rifles—with less than a thousand followers in Dublin itself—and yet it found an Executive so little prepared to meet it that it came within an ace of temporary success. The same authorities that had produced the rebel mood in Ireland made no attempts to guard against its violence. Provocation was accompanied by contempt. It was only the loyalty of the great mass of the Nationalist Dublin population and the heroism of the British Territorials that saved British rule in Ireland. As for Dublin Castle—we see it in that fierce light as it really is today—not the sullen ogre of the nineteenth century, not the castle of Giants Despair and Rackrent—but as the “shade of a shadow,” the echo of a power that is dead, an Executive that cannot govern and cannot go—

It would look inimitable stuffed,  
And knows it—but it cannot die.

Here, in this arresting picture, we see the actual product of that great Home Rule deadlock which has been for thirty years the pride and the curse of our British home politics—that weary age-long controversy which has worn down so many British Parliaments, broken so many hearts, tired so many brains, and even revolutionized our ancient constitution without yet achieving a final and complete result. Here it is—a thing without form and void, a kind of stalemate—a negation set up in the form of a government—responsible for the peace of Ireland, but without any power to ensure it.

Is that the last word of British statesmanship in Ireland? That was the question posed in the famous attempt at settlement of the summer of 1916.

I am not going now into the causes of the failure of that attempt. It was as if our statesmen worked under some kind of spell—some fatalistic sense of coming failure, born of so many failures in the past. When before have we seen such a network of contradictions and misunderstandings? Cabinet negotiations conducted on principles that would ruin the most elementary form of business enterprise—offers made that seemed firm, and then became “the baseless fabric of this vision”—understandings thrown over, new conditions introduced—molehills figuring as mountains, and mountains as molehills—when was there such a fantastic display of crooked aims and purposes figuring as statesmanship? Besides, Mr. Lloyd George, who must have the credit of courage, the only people who emerged with untarnished reputation from those efforts were Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson—Mr. Redmond, who swore to his people, and kept his faith with them; Sir Edward Carson, who knew his own mind, and followed it throughout, even to his own hurt.

The pity of it! For the rebellion had been followed in Ireland by one of those emotional reactions which count for so much in Celtic countries. There was a great chance of reconciliation—a great drawing together of sane and reasonable men. Even in Ulster there was a dazed consciousness of a common share in the responsibility. In the south there was a great terror of disorder and a desire to rally to any form of government that would guarantee security. These feelings should have been seized for instant settlement: and punishment should have been postponed. Instead of that, settlement was postponed and punishment was hurried on. I do not want to dwell on all the incidents of that punishment, which took on it too much the semblance and spirit of military vengeance. The actual rebellion had to be put down ruthlessly—that was the truest mercy. But what chilled the feelings not only of Ireland but of the outside world, was the events after the suppression of the rebellion—the slow and deliberate shootings in dribblets of disarmed men, the widespread arrests, the detentions, the deportations—the rule of the informer and the court-martial—every event calculated to revive the worst memories of Irish history. Marching columns strayed through the country visiting remote towns, breaking into houses, arresting youths, spreading terror. Some of those towns were entirely free from Sinn Féin movement. The result of those disastrous visits is that they are now active Sinn Féin centers.

All government had for the moment broken down in Ireland: and the soldiers had become the judges in their own cause. Perhaps the most surprising thing is that the results were not more terrible. Even at their worst they compared well with German “frightfulness.” But so powerful was the influence of the soldiers with the

Government at that moment that it required Mr. Redmond's threat of retirement from public life before the executions ceased.

The result of all these events has been deplorable. It is true that more than half the prisoners "netted" in the rebellion have been released—mainly on Mr. Asquith's personal intervention—although 500 remain in detention. The innocent have gone back. Martial law has been administered leniently. The hand of the military has been held back by the civil powers. But the mischief has been done for the moment. Ireland has been lost for the time as a recruiting ground. Conscription is pronounced impracticable both by the military and civil authorities—General Maxwell as well as Mr. Duke. A voluntary recruiting campaign is also pronounced impossible by all who know anything about the temper of the Irish people at the present moment.

And yet we are all agreed that we want the help of the Irish people in the war, on every ground of force and good credit. Another 100,000 Irish troops—an easy estimate of Ireland's powers—cannot lightly be scorned at the present critical phase. Even the most convinced anti-Irish Englishman will admit that such a force would be worth some sacrifice.

There is a simple but vital question for that type of Englishman who unhappily still has the whip-hand over our Irish policy through the House of Lords. It is—how much of his fears and prejudices will he sacrifice in order to win this war? It is morally certain that Ireland will give us these 100,000 men if we set up that Home Rule Parliament which is now part of our constitution. It is equally certain that she will not give us another division on any other terms. How far, then, will the anti-Irish Englishman go to meet this condition? Or is he really going to

run the risk of impairing the victory of the Allies? He does not love the Germans: does he love the Irish still less?

For let it be clearly understood—it is England that now blocks the way—not Ulster. The Irish leaders could not now come to a settlement. It was England that blocked the way last summer—England and her leaders, with hazy fears for the Parliamentary conditions of a political future that may never shape at all unless we win the war. Surely never did a great political people show a smaller sense of perspective. Have we already forgotten that great lesson of the American war of Independence—that "great Empires and little minds go ill together"?

Which road shall we choose? It is a critical alternative for us all—

Choose well—your choice is  
Brief and yet endless.

Pharaoh paid heavily because he would not let another people go. How much are we going to pay? The death of the first-born is already upon us. Do we wait for more?

Do not let us mistake. This is not a time for a fool's paradise—it is the day of grim realities—a day for plain speaking. No wise political observer can doubt that Ireland still unsettled, Ireland still disappointed, presents us with the appalling possibility of a civil war on the top of this foreign war—a civil war that may undo all our victories in this war. Heavy and deep will be the responsibility for any party or leader who lightly faces such a risk—awful for our country, our Empire and our children.

That for the future—but what of today? Ireland frustrated and coerced has produced already a deep change in the attitude of great masses of people in the United States—a change which is still at work, but may

\*Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, March, 1775.



even now be checked and arrested. Ireland settled and satisfied, on the other hand, would be a new war impulse to our friends and a new bulwark against our foes. It would remove the last blot in our case before the world.

Surely, even now, at the eleventh hour, there must be enough statesmanship in the old country to achieve this great result. This palm is worth much dust. It cannot be that the tradition of British statesmanship has passed entirely over to the Dominions. The method of approaching a settlement—Conference, Convention, or Committee—does not matter as long as the will to achieve is there; although an inter-

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Parliamentary Conference after the manner of the Speaker's Franchise Conference would probably be best. But the will must be present; and then achievement will be easy, and this long chapter of discontent will be really closed.

The real issue is between trust and suspicion. Trust has been incredibly successful within the British Empire. It is the cement of the whole structure. South Africa has been saved by it. Canada and Australia have become our blood-brothers in the strength of it. Our only failure is the country where we have not yet fully applied it—Ireland. Is it not about time that we tried it there also?

*Harold Spender.*

## DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### FATHER SMYTHE, S.J., MAKES AN EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURE.

But 'tis one thing to make a resolve and another to stick to it, and this I was finding day by day. Nor did Miss Georgy give me much help.

There was no overlooking the fact that she was extraordinarily interested in me; and small blame to her.

Every good woman is a born nurse. It is her nature to run to the help of the weak and suffering, whether child or man; but, if I may hazard an opinion founded upon experience, I should say that a woman's most welcome patient is one of the opposite sex.

I was Georgy's First Case; her charge, her engrossment and her triumph. By common consent she had seized the critical moment, done the difficult thing, saved my life.

Was she just a little proud of herself? Possibly. And of me, the breathing, walking, visible result and record of her enterprise and subsequent vigils.

In a word, the girl was drawn to me, charmed, perhaps, by my conversation (such as it was!), with my stories of Spain, and of the Wars, and what not, as women will ever be; and had I not kept a tight rein upon my wicked self, or had played the rascal, there is no saying but what she and I might have made a match of it, whilst our dear old Abel was a-making up his mind.

Thank God we did not!

But, as I was saying just now, the girl did not assist my virtuous resolve, but innocently played into the hands of the devil.

She labored under special disadvantages. Her austere upbringing in that Quaker household, whilst bracing her for all noble and honest action, was small protection against circumstances of proximity, and the necessary intimacies of the sick-room.

The reticences amid which she had moved endangered her. What knew she of Love? Nothing, as I should suppose, certainly nothing at first hand. English maidens of her class learn the



rudiments of the rosy lore from little whispering school-mates, the indiscreet observations of nurses, elder sisters, youthful maiden aunts. My Georgy had none of these about her path. Truly, if I may hint any faint blame of the methods of my dear old mistress, it must be that her system was too virginal for Mother Nature. Mind and soul, heart and conscience, had been attentively watched and prayerfully trained, but, what of the magnificent young fleshly casket which enshrined these jewels? Had it been warned of its predispositions? Of its approaching duties?—perils?—I doubt.

The child, though a woman grown, was still clear-eyed and unbashful, unconscious of herself, and her lure.

Not so poor George Fanshawe, upon whom may the Lord have mercy! (He did.)

Nor was this all. Ill and low though I might be, and her charge, the Estate must be served (*mine*, confound it!) and my nurse could afford me but half her mind. For hours she would sit in my sight scribbling, figuring with knit brows and moving lips within reach of my hand, but in regions hopelessly remote from my poor powers, working out "Quantities" (as she and Abel called 'em, Heaven knows what they meant!)—so many cubic yards of earth-work would cost this: so many feet run of felled timber would fetch that: so many thousand pit-props, so many fly-boat-loads of coal.—Ah me! And then the Brain of the Estate would slip in, run a comprehending eye over her work, nod commendation and walk off with it!

She used *Logarithm*, whatever that may be. I read the word upon the book-back. She could work out results with naughts and crosses and funny little a's and b's and x's (Algebras, I think she called 'em).

And, most marvelous of all, not only could she *do* difficult sums when set

by Abel, but would find out *in her head how to do 'em*. At such times I felt like a dolt, and knew I was a dolt, which is a nasty thing to know when one is over thirty.

Jealousy is a vile complaint. Trust a man who has gone through the heats and chills of it. There were moments when I was sore tempted to put a spoke in their wheel, just to fetch them back out of this bit of country, rideable to them, too stiff for me. And what saved me? A Latin tag, learned at Eton, the one and only, I do think which I brought from thence, and merely remembered because, for breaking bounds, and being considered birch-hardened, I was set to write the beastly thing a thousand times.

*Rara fides pietas que viris qui castra sequuntur.*

Construe that for yourselves and see why a soldier shrunk from proving its truth.

Abel had spoken of spiritual barriers. I knew not to what he referred until one day when I was near whole again, Georgy came to me with a difficulty.

"Look here, Van Schau, what dost thou think of the Friends? Why hast thou never applied for membership?"

"That is a long story, Georgy. For one thing I am in the army; but, if the lady to whom I was engaged had lived, I should probably have joined 'em eight years ago. And a middling sort of Friend I should have made"

"Was she . . . Abel's sister, Van Schau?—Really!—O, how sad! Dost thou know they never speak of it? I was not sure, or I would not have asked. Thou art not grieved with me?—

"But, joining Friends is not my difficulty. I don't really want to join 'em now. And yet, I belong to no other church. I can't tell if I was baptized. I was never confirmed. I have never confessed, or communicated.

These dear folks, so kind and loving that it is sin to criticise 'em, reject the sacraments. Fancy! '*What do I know about it?*'—Not much, I'll own, but . . . I've been thinking. '*And talking?*'—Y-yes, perhaps I have. Indeed I have, without any perhapses, for I can't tell fibs to my Van Schau, though I may have said—indeed, I *did* say I wouldn't. . . . For he advised me not to . . ."

The girl was reddening. I waited. She made a fresh start. "Thou sees, it is like this. There can be only one Right, can there? And whatever is not Right is Wrong, isn't it?—And after all, as there is but One God, there can be but One True Church, mustn't there? and, is it reasonable to suppose—is it possible, that these dear folks, so few, and . . . so . . . ignorant,—no, I don't mean *that*, but, so *unworldly*, shall we say?—are *Right* and all the rest of the world Wrong?"

"Why dost thou look at me so, Van Schau? Have I . . . ?"

I nodded. "Frankly, Miss Georgiana Gee, I think ye *have*. Now I am as poor a theologian as yourself, so I'll make shift to answer your many questions with just one.

"Did ye ever know Mr. Ellwood, or Mrs. Ellwood, or Abel, say one untrue thing? or do a dirty, or underhand, or unkind action? Ye have not, ye say. Then, that's all right; ye have kept your senses and judgment, Georgy, and I think the better of ye. Now, here is my creed, a short one. George Fanshawe would rather go to hell with Abel, than to heaven with the curate."

She was upon her feet in a moment, her mouth and eyes three round O's, "You . . . you . . . !!"

I nodded slowly, "Yes, with the curate, Miss Georgiana Gee. What of those talks in the summerhouse? and those little primers and things?" (I had found one lying about; an hour later it was gone.) "Was it quite fair

of the man, my dear, to come whispering in, unsettling your mind? Would Abel, or Abel's father, or mother, or anyone of the Friends, have stooped to such an action?"

"O, yes, it was for your soul's salvation, no doubt, but there are several hundreds of young souls within a day's walk of this, and why should he spend his time upon the one soul of the lot who is getting the best teaching and the most praying?"

"Your friends have never interfered with his flock; why should he steal their pet lamb?"

"Come now, my dear, here is a text for ye, '*By their fruits ye shall know them*'; I can't tell ye where to put finger upon it, but know 'tis in The Book. If ye cannot say for sure ye are baptized, ye can take your oath that none of this household is. But, if works can save man or woman (and your curate, if he be what I take him for, is a stickler for Works),—how much honester, or kinder, would Abel be for a splash of water on his poll?"

The girl had dropped in upon me in gardening gloves and bonnet, a pair of rusty scissors dangled from her wrist on a string, she carried a basket. 'Twas an hour for decking the living-rooms with flowers, yet, here she lingered. There was that in her mien which suggested her having come upon the impulse of the moment to resolve a doubt which had troubled her, and having chosen the moment ill, and finding the discussion longer than she had intended, that she was fidgeting to begone to some appointment.

Whilst speaking her eye had roved twice to the window which commanded a prospect of the garden. Mine, too, had turned thither, and, unnoticed by her, had seen a figure in black cross the end of a turfed alley in the direction of a summerhouse. Twice during my illness I had watched the same figure take the same direction at the same

hour. Is it vanity to suggest that six years of special service in Spain had sharpened my wits? I spoke.

"There goes your curate, my dear, he awaits ye in the arbor.

"I knew Old Tom Pear, the rector, a dozen years since. Before his stroke he was a fine sportsman. I have spoke to one or two of his assistant clergy, but have never happened to meet the present man.

"Ask him in, will ye? Present my compliments. Express my regrets that I am at present unable to walk. Just say the Squire would like to make his acquaintance. Ye know how to manage it, and will play the game."

"Thou wants to see him alone? O, Van Schau, thou wilt not quarrel with him! Promise me! He was introduced to me by Abel. He is a friend of the household, he spends his evenings here at times. He has been my tutor for years and years. I could not have kept up my languages but for him. And now we are reading Spanish together. Thou dost not know what a perfect gentleman he is, and how learned, and kind!"

"I can guess, my dear. And for the rest, Fanshawe of Winteringhame does not quarrel with curates. Off with ye!"

She stood for half a minute, panting and tearing her handkerchief to rags, flushing and paling, enlightenment had come; a resolve impending.

"I believe ye are right, Van Schau, and Mr. Smith is wrong." She came to my chair-side, kissed me and ran.

I need not tell you that in the spring of 1814 the Squire of Winteringhame was a very big man, a personage who loomed large in the eye: of the countryside for many a mile around. Even when fourteen years earlier I had come into my estates whilst under a cloud I had been a person of mark and of quality; but, since then, by Abel's

husbandry, my acres had been extending in every direction, and growing in fertility and value, until when the war ended, there were few properties in England to match mine, nor many commoners who could claim to be my equals in wealth. For I had spent little, having, as you know, been much abroad, and in circumstances where expense was impossible, and by God's grace, I had no costly tastes.

As to influence, if I had been a personage worth conciliating, bullying and courting, whilst I lay under Royal displeasure, it stands to reason that being home again, with a name mentioned six times in dispatches, and my brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy raised to substantive rank; aye, and with the good word of Lord Wellington, I had not lost consequence.

But the curate-in-charge of one of the Rector of Winteringhame's seven livings, was a very small man indeed. If he drew his thirty pounds a year, that with house, glebe and fuel, would be good pay.

I had felt no surprise at his consenting to act as tutor in the house of a dissenter, though some at the variety of his accomplishments, and was curious to see what manner of man this insinuating propagandist might be.

I had expected, I know not why, to find him in early middle life, slim, dark and obsequious, with a fawning manner and underbred accent. Judge of my surprise when Georgy ushered in a portly gentleman of seventy, refined and bland in aspect, with noble features and well-kept hands, moving leisurely, bowing with affable grace.

"A curate!" said I to myself, "ye should have been a dean at least, if not a bishop."

I had no choice but to arise offering my hand. I had proposed neither courtesy, nor would either have been expected by a person of my caller's social position, but the man's appear-

ance demanded both. I bade him be seated.

He was in black from head to foot. A small white band relieved the sober dignity of a long coat. The buckles of his shoes were silver. He wore his own hair clubbed; 'twas white with the tinge of color that showed it had once been ruddy.

We exchanged the usual compliments. The man's command of appropriate language, no less than his easy attitude and unembarrassed mien, convinced me that he was either a consummate actor; or had at one time moved in high society. This was no ordinary man; but, how came such to be curate of Winteringhame?

I fear I am a poor diplomatist. When I want information I do not beat about the bush, but ask plain questions. A method which has at least the merit of shortening painful interviews.

"Mr. Smith," said I, "how came ye to be in charge of my parish?"

Not having expected this opening he was visibly taken aback, but, smilingly riposted with something about the necessities of a poor clergyman, which I gravely waved aside.

"No, sir. A gentleman of your age and experiences" (his lips moved at this word)—"of your appearance and learning, does not apply for a country curacy at a few guineas the year without reasons. Ye have no local connections, I believe. What brings ye to this neighborhood? I expect a straight answer, sir." (I didn't.)

"Really, my dear Colonel," he began uncrossing his legs, "I hardly know how to treat . . . Mr. Fanshawe must be aware that such a question is . . . The minor clergy are permitted, I believe, to have their privacies, . . . inducements, distresses, and even . . . rights."

Whilst he was speaking I was taxing my memory. I had heard this voice somewhere. But, where, and in what

circumstances? It was melodious and full, slightly unmodulated toward the ends of its periods, which he breathed upon as do the deaf.

"Sir," I resumed, "a person in a private station may claim reserves of privacy. But, you are here in a public capacity. We are both of us in the service of the State. I in the national army, you in the national church"—(again the silent involuntary protest of those mobile lips)—"and I have a right to know the antecedents of my subalterns in both services. How came you here?—Pray collect your thoughts, Mr. Smith, yes, and take your time, yes, and snuff, if ye will."

I do not snuff, but had observed the caught-up elbow, and contraction of thumb and forefinger of a man in want of his habitual stimulant.

He thanked me urbanely; unconsciously, but audibly, breathed his relief, and recrossing his shapely legs, produced a snuff-box and—*gave his identity away therewith.*

For I remembered that box aboard the *Lady Leighton*, the Florentine mosaic upon its lid had stuck in my memory. I had seen it used a few feet beneath my nose as I lay hid between the planks in that Spanish *granja*, though its previous appearances had then escaped me. Now they recurred.

"Your Christian name, Mr. Smith, is . . .?"

"Everard, Squire."

"But it was *Eustace* in the year 1806, sir. Nor were ye in orders then, but in the diplomatic service of His Majesty."

His noble ruddy face paled perceptibly. The man moistened his lips before replying, his eye attempted to hold mine, but winced before the severity of my gaze. Those were times when the status of a stranger was a matter of question. For twenty years Britain had teemed with Bonapartist agents. The Habeas Corpus Act had



been suspended since January '99, and upon the warrant of any Justice a suspect would be arrested and lodged in Holloway out of hand.

If ever I saw living fear, 'twas in the momentary rigidity of his posture. A magnificent actor he was, but at seventy a man's nerve is unequal to sudden emergencies.

"You are a much-accomplished man, Mr. Eustace Smith," I said; "as a linguist you have French, Italian and German at command, may I ask if you are conversant with Spanish?"

He bowed at each salient word, assuming a slightly puzzled air of polite bewilderment, as if unable to divine the drift of my inquiries. He had some acquaintance with Castilian, as possibly I had learned from Miss Gee.

Getting to my feet I reached down from a high shelf a tiny duodecimo, and handed it to him with a bow, "Yours, Mr. Smith, I think. The title-page bears your initials. Also the book-plate of your seminary. May I ask how a Stoneyhurst professor obtained orders in the Church of England? Your name is not in the list of licentiates of the Northern Province, sir." (A bow drawn at a venture; I had not the knowledge I was assuming.)

He glanced at the book, weighed it lightly in hand, and laid it down unopened. He neither admitted nor denied my assertions respecting it, nor did he verify them. *He knew they were true.*

"You read that book upon a short voyage which I took with you from Christiansund to Scotland seven years ago."

He bowed assentingly, with a detached air. What if he had?

"You had the misfortune to leave it in a Spanish *granja* near B——, two years since. Your object in visiting the place was to see a Frenchman, a Bonapartist, one Colonel X——."

He repeated that noncommittal in-

clination of the head; his air of polite detachment was weakening. I proceeded.

"The colonel was at the time Chief-of-Staff to the Marshal Y——. He is also your subordinate in the Society of Jesus. I had the privilege of being present at that interview."

The man's attitude of deferential attention was retained to a marvel. He repeated the enigmatic nod, but two small lines deepened between those fine eyes of his, the brain behind them was hard at work. Memory was upon the rack.

I awaited the effect of my shot and was disappointed. Whatever apprehensions my visitor might be feeling were not for himself, of that I was growingly conscious. Presently he changed his posture, leaning slightly forward in his chair, he unlaced his long white fingers about his knee and addressed me with a winning smile.

"The fame of Colonel Fanshawe is not undeserved. It was earned, not accidental." (He was wrong, as were so many.) "You will bear me out, Colonel, that the conversation which you were so adroit as to overhear, dealt with arrangements to forward the British cause in Spain. You, whose exploits were the talk of the Peninsula, and Father Smith, whose movements were unsuspected by either Lord Wellington or his opponents, were laboring for the same end upon different lines. Did we clash? Have ye cause for complaint? Did the little affair of Meija? and the failure of Suchet to bring up his left at Tordesillas? or the inexplicable surrender of the Italian brigade at Palombas? affect your General's operations adversely, or otherwise? At the Coa, again, why did Montbrun decline to charge Marshal Crawford? What palsied General Reynier at Sabugal?—and Marmont's right wing at El Bodon?"

He smiled at my unaffected surprise



at finding him conversant with matters of which I knew little save from the remarks of brother officers, their amazements at unexplained apathy here, opportunity wasted there, victory flung away.

He had mentioned six crucial instances of British "luck." Whatever Lord Wellington might have done, I was in no position to explain these and other failures of French commanders to connect and co-operate. If my visitor chose to represent their indiscipline as the fruits of Jesuit intrigue he had color for his claim. I knew too much to venture to contradict him.

This interview was going badly. My tactic was faulty. I had unmasked a Papist masquerading as a clergyman. He had countered by showing himself a valuable friend of England, and calling me as his witness.

"Twas time to take fresh ground.

"We are getting too far afield," I said, "this is Cheshire, not Estramadura. Whether the penal laws against your Society could be set in motion at this time of day I am not sure, but to have posed as a Clerk in Orders is a serious matter. It is undeniable that for four or five years ye have officiated here. But, my hands are tied, for I discover ye have won the love and goodwill of the parish, and the respect and confidence of this household, and it would have been no business of mine to unfrock ye had I not found ye unsettling the beliefs of the young lady to whom ye have acted as tutor.

"In my eyes, Mr. Smith, your conduct appears as a sort of domestic treachery. I ask ye, not as a priest, but as a gentleman, why have ye served us thus?"

I had thought to have put the man out of countenance, but was disappointed. He was listening with the gentlest patience, one might have called it the forbearance of a superior. His mien had wholly lost the sudden

obsessions of alarm, or whatever emotions had shaken him at the opening of our game, and now he bore himself as a player who awaits the move of his opponent with composure, sure of the result.

He was not concerned to formulate an immediate reply, but silently arranged his words behind moving lips before bending toward me with a counter-question.

"Does Colonel Fanshawe know who Miss Georgiana Gee is?"

"The lady is my ward, sir."

"The lady is my sister's child, sir."

This astounding claim fairly knocked the wind out of me. I believe I stared at the man for over a minute before replying. I am not the readiest of men, and albeit my Spanish experiences had sensibly brightened my wits, I was, and am still, a slow speaker.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "I need not say you have astonished me prodigiously. It is most repugnant to me to seem to doubt any statement made by a gentleman, but, really, the circumstances under which I found Miss Gee as a child . . ." I paused.

"Circumstances, which, my dear Colonel, you will remember relating to me on shipboard, and which I have investigated since. It is these circumstances, which, when placed together and illuminated by others which I have collected, make my claim not only reasonable, but almost indisputable."

"'Almost,' sir?"

"Is still almost. Legal proof is wanting, but, ye shall hear. Have I your leave to proceed?"

"Then to begin.

"I am Eustace Everard Blundell Smythe, eldest son of Walter Smythe, second son of Sir John Smythe, Baronet of Durham and Acton Burnell, Shropshire. On the distaff side we are Eringtons of Red Rice."

I bowed. The man was of good

blood. But, what had this to do with my child? He proceeded leisurely, as one who is sure of his ground.

"My sister Maria, twelve years my junior, was born at Tong Castle, Salop, on July 26, 1756. In the year 1775 she became the wife of Weld of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, who died within a few months. Three years later she wedded Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, who died at Nice in the year 1781.

"Think, Colonel, twice widowed, and childless, at twenty-five!" He paused.

"Sir, I am all attention," I remarked.

"Four years later, on the 5th of December, 1785, my sister was married to George, Prince of Wales, by the Rev. Robert Burt, a Clerk in Orders of the Established Church. The ceremony was solemnized at my sister's house in Park Street, Park Lane. I need not say that witnesses of birth and repute were present, or that the principals attested by signature, or that documentary record of the marriage was made. I have seen it, and know where it is at this present."

"A moment, Father Smythe," said I, getting to my feet and offering my hand. "Before ye go farther into this painful matter, permit me to tender you my deepest respects and condolences upon the misfortunes and wrongs of the noble and gracious lady whose history ye have just given me.

"I have twice had the pleasure of meeting her. I have been received by her at her house in Tilney Street, at her invitation; I have taken wine with her, and have been presented by her to Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Kent.

"'Twas by her good offices, sir, that I obtained my first step in the service of my country.

"Pardon this interruption, but I wished to show you that whether ye shall be able to convince me of your beliefs or no, my judgment will not be

prejudiced against you, or your evidence, by ill-will toward a lady whom I respect as highly as I do any living Englishwoman."

He, who had also arisen, took my hand, bowed over it most courtly and went to the window to regain his composure. I saw his shoulders move.

"Sir," said I, "let us break off this colloquy for a while, and drink to the honor, health and long life of a very noble, virtuous and deeply wronged lady."

I rang for wine. I poured: we touched glasses and drank standing.

This was my curate's life-story. That wonderful and winning woman, so faithful and so injured, was his sister!

In common with every honest Briton of that day, I burned with indignation at the way in which the Heir to the Throne had treated the lady whom we believed to be his true wife.

I knew, as did everybody, that the marriage had been solemnly denied by Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons on April 20, 1787. But that denial had been couched in such ambiguous terms, and extracted under such pressure, as to reduce its value and significance.

That three days later Mr. Fox had risen in the House and denied the marriage went for little. That great man repudiated the fact of his Prince having married a Papist with a copiousness and a particularity of language which seemed to leave no loophole for doubt; but, the Country had asked "Did he know?"

So for seven-and-twenty years the fact of the marriage had remained an open question, passionately rejected by the Prince's friends, stubbornly reasserted by the Catholics, believed by the people.

As years ran on the man's character and repute, never good, or even passable, had gone from bad to worse, and from worse to detestable. His debts

and his vices kept step with the National Debt. His sordid marriage with a German Princess whom he never professed to love, and whom he persistently ill-used, had cost him the last rags of his earlier popularity.

These, and a score of other circumstances, flashed through my mind as I stood, glass in hand, opposite to my visitor, drinking to the health and honor of his sister.

Our glasses were empty. I lifted the decanter. He gently motioned it aside, dried his eyes, composed his face, and resumed his chair at my invitation.

But, what about my Georgy? Where did this delightful creature, found overseas in miserable conditions, tenderly nurtured to the threshold of a queenly womanhood by loving hands,—where, I say, did she come into this story?

I felt myself tremble with anticipatory fears. Was I weak? were my tremors unmanly? or unjustified? This stranger, whom I had sent for that I might read him a lecture, had repelled my attack, assumed the offensive, and threatened to turn my flank. This was no wheedling, sneaking, whispering Romanist (not that I had met such, but that was the popular conception of a priest)—nor were these common incidents. Great happenings came within the picture; far-reaching issues loomed: I divined imminent possibilities. I was shaken by the prospect of my guileless, splendid, impulsive girl being dragged from her haunt of peace upon the stage of public affairs, and entangled, ere her character was set, or her mind fully informed, or her judgment fortified, in foul webs of court chicane. Yes, I shuddered.

"Go on, sir, if ye please," I said grimly.

"The rest of my story is short," resumed Father Smythe, as soon as he could control his voice. "You know, for it is common knowledge, the story of the Prince's marital relations; he

used my sister as he used everyone who trusted him. He sponged upon her for cash for his jewels, his jockeys, and I believe, for his mistresses. He frequented her London house while it was garrisoned by bailiffs for debts incurred for himself. I assure you, Squire, I was called in upon a sudden emergency, I think in the year '89, to negotiate a loan for two thousand pounds. Men were in possession, they blocked the doors, they had been put in upon the suit of one Aaron, a Jew in Houndsditch, and, as if this were insufficient, my sister had been arrested an hour before for a debt to another Hebrew in St. Mary Axe!

"They were for lodging her in the Fleet." He groaned at the recollection of that five-and-twenty-year-old degradation.

"Never shall I forget the ignominy of that hour! My sister's silent tears: the Prince's maudlin blubbering and curses. We survived it.

"Worse was coming. Money the man must have. There was no controlling his expenditure. And, as the King would not assist, nor the Commons vote relief, save upon conditions, he . . . he . . . he repudiated my sister to get the coin!"

'Twas truth, and I knew it. Dawnay had told me of this, and had cursed the master he served. But . . . ?

"I am coming to it, Colonel. The official denials of her marriage cut my sister to the heart. It took time, but at length she forgave the hand which had wounded her. The Prince pleaded that publication of the fact of his marriage with a Catholic would cost him the succession. She pardoned her royal traducer. They resumed cohabitation. Can you blame her? What does a man,—what, at least, does an unmated man of virtuous life, such as I have always understood you to be, sir, know of a woman's heart?

"There had been temporary es-

trangements, but in '93 the two were once more living as man and wife.

"And, now, Squire, mark the inscrutable decrees of Providence! The lady, as I have told you, had been three times wedded. She had been the wife of His Royal Highness for near eight years, and now, in her fortieth year, for the first time there was a prospect of her becoming a mother.

"The prospect was the most embarrassing thing in the world to her husband. It crossed his plans. The Government was prepared to assist him, but only upon terms. He must marry; and the faithless man was already nibbling at the gilded bait, a German princess and the liquidation of his mountainous indebtedness.

"The husband and wife were living at the Grange, near Alton in Hampshire. To outward seeming 'twas a happy, rural household. He hunted with the Villebois, drank with the farmers, and kissed their wives.

"He was 'economizing,' he had given up the turf, or rather the turf had given up him, tired of the in-and-out running of the Royal horses. His jockey, Sam Chifney, had been refused his license to ride by the Jockey Club, and warned off Newmarket Heath.

"This kept him at home, and, in spite of his innumerable minor infidelities my sister's influence over the Prince seemed stronger, and his affairs more promising than for a long time.

"But she knew not what he meditated. The man had already made up his mind to desert her. But, the arrival of a child would disarrange all plans, loosen all tongues, and would, as he saw, compel his unacknowledged wife to make a stand for the legitimacy of her offspring."

"We are always told 'twas stillborn," said I. "Being at Eton at the time I naturally knew nothing about it, but, I have heard the tale told so since."

"Sir, Mr. Fanshawe,—Colonel, I

would say," cried Smythe, raising his voice, and exhibiting every sign of passionate indignation, "the child was born alive and healthy on October the second in the year 1793. 'Twas a fine little girl, and was smuggled out of the house in a leathern valise, within an hour of birth.

"But not before it had been baptized in the back-kitchen of the Grange by my sister's confessor, Father Bunce of the Society. So much he could do, and this beside, prepare and take duplicate certificates of birth and baptism from the *accoucheur* and three servants, also members of our Society. For ye need not doubt that in view of the impending conjuncture we took such measures as were possible. To have done more would have defeated our ends. *The child would have died.* You take me?

"As it was we were countermined, and for twelve years believed that the babe had been secretly disposed of by foul play. By some lamentable fatality, or deliberate fraud, our arrangements miscarried, there was a failure of connection; the person to whom the child was entrusted, one of its father's many discarded concubines, escaped from our control at Ashford, and reached the continent unattended."

"And, she was?"

"The Gräfinn Omptèda, the wife of an obscure Hanoverian Count, holding a captaincy in a British dragoon regiment at the time, but subsequently broke, and permitted to turn King's evidence in a case of attempted murder.

"There we lost sight of him, as we had previously of her. But, I should not be here, Squire, if I had no more to tell you than this.

"That I believe, Father. Will ye kindly go on with your story? I am deeply interested. I follow your every word. The child and its nurse disappear. So far we have got."

"But a woman of title, of various



titles, appears at the court of Hanover in 1796. I find her in Berlin in '98; in Munich in 1800; and hear of her in Stuttgart four years later, and always with a young child, a mysterious niece in her household, always with a certain command of money, and believed to be an English spy.

"As the Baroninn von Sternheim, as Gräfinn von Stein, as Madame Plock, as the Countess of Derwentdale, she moved in the backwater of the diplomatic stream, and pulled minor strings, and however aliased answers to the description of the Countess Omptèda.

"But in the rout which followed Jéna and Auerstadt, she and her niece, who would be at that time about thirteen years of age, disappear."

I became conscious that I was breathing hard, and took a pull at myself. "What sort of person to look at was this woman?" I asked, and learned that she was of masculine proportions, dark and handsome. I nodded, there are many of this stamp. What of the child, the niece?

"Of her appearance I have less evidence," said Smythe. "Owing to her age, you will understand that she was never brought out. There are accounts of her being yellow-haired and stout, noisy and very wilful: but of an affectionate disposition. I hunted out a Hanoverian farm-servant, one Gredel, or Margaret Mitchener, who swears that she acted as attendant upon the Gräfinn and her niece for eighteen months in 1805-6, and last saw the two in flight from the French across a field near Grafenhausen. They were under fire at the time. She could not accompany them, nor rejoice them, having fallen into the hands of some marauding French infantry."

"How was the child dressed at the time, Father?"

"As a boy. And, now by your leave, Squire, I place ye in the witness-box.

I had it from your lips on the ship that ye found a woman and a boy, a big, black-avised woman, and a chubby, yellow-haired boy, hunted by French near the very place where my clue breaks. Ye saw the female fall to a shot. Was she killed?—Ye cannot say.

"The boy turns into a girl upon your hands. Ye convoy her to Stockholm, to Christiansund, to Scotland (in my company) and to this house, where she has dwelt since.

"Nor must ye plead that the chain of evidence is too incomplete until ye have further heard that both as a child on the schooner, and at this moment, Miss Gee bears too striking a likeness to my sister for the resemblance to be accidental. See here, and judge for yourself. This is my sister Maria as a child of fifteen. Mr. Cosway painted her again in early womanhood, and twice since. But, see, sir, and own . . ."

The similarity was incontestable. The little ivory in a plain gold locket setting which he placed in my hands might have been taken from my child herself.\*

I returned the miniature with a bow. "So, Father Smythe, ye ask my assent to your proposition that Miss Georgiana Gee is Miss Fitzherbert."

"Certainly not, Colonel; she is Georgiana Guelph, if it please ye. A Princess of the Blood she cannot be until her rank is regularized by the repeal of the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, and, later, by a special act of Parliament: a conjunction almost unthinkable by my poor brains.

"Until then she stands upon the validity of her parents' marriage in the

\*The likeness between mother and daughter, sufficiently striking to cause remark in Town a month later, diminished in after life when Mrs. Fitzherbert's delicately aquiline nose grew more prominent with increasing years.

Georgy, inheriting some of her features from a father whose nose was *retroussé*, corrected, or regularized, both defects, and had a perfectly straight English nose, the distinctive ornament of the finest types of our women. —G. F.



eyes of both the Church of Christendom and the English Establishment, a commoner, inheriting the surname of her father."

"How much of this does Georgy know?"

"Nothing. I will not deny having delicately explored her childish memory for attesting facts, but almost fruitlessly. She recalls the woman Gredel. She has confused recollections of this town and that: of early morning marketing with her nurse: of play with other children: of punishments, for her *gouvernante* must have been a harsh disciplinarian. But I get little that assists, except one word, her 'aunt' (whom for some reason the child ever accepted as a relation) passed with her and the woman Mitchener, by the name of *Tedder*: Omptèda, eh? Not much to cling to, but a clue of a sort. Also a belief, or conviction, that her birthday falls on the second of October, which agrees with our reckoning."

I bowed again. Had he found the discarded husband? the Count?

There, too, he had failed. The ex-dragoon after his appearance in the witness box at the Old Bailey had gone under. He was thought to have changed his name. There were rumors of his reappearance at Harwich in company with a stout dark female aboard a German horse-transport. That would be in 1808. Then the clue snaps, and finally. Father Smythe sighed.

"So, you see, Squire, I am still obliged to employ the word 'almost,' but it is very nearly a case of 'quite.' Can ye help me to any new information? I have placed all my cards upon the table."

But he had not, nor was it any business of mine to remind him of his dreams and hopes, and of the plans of his Society as imparted to Colonel X—in that Spanish *granja*. What of the "*Queen of Trumps*," whom he

and his Order held in their hand? What of the possibility of a change in the faith of the heir to the English succession?

As to this intrigue I had nothing to say to him, nor would he wish to discuss it with me. I was in a posture to draw my own conclusions, and to intervene later, should intervention seem advisable.

"Father, if your surmise be correct, and as ye must admit 'tis at present no more than a surmise, for there is much proof needed that the Countess of Derwentdale is the Countess Omptèda, and that her niece is yours,—but, if your surmise is correct, Georgy is already a baptized member of the Christian Church.

"In your eyes, if not in mine, or the eyes of the Ellwoods, this fact is all-important.

"Cannot ye leave it at that? Why try to unsettle her simple, girlish faith in the Quaker form of belief? You may make her miserable; can ye make her better?

"When I found her in Germany she was a passionate, deceitful little wretch. By no care or forethought of your Society your sister's child stands today a pure, straightforward young woman, accomplished and capable beyond the scope of girls of her age of any class of English or continental society known to me.

"If God Almighty has designs for her, He will not find her less suitable to His purpose because she fears hardly anything in heaven or earth save to do a shameful thing and to tell a lie.

"What say ye? Is it a bargain? will ye respect her surroundings? I do not ask ye as a priest, but as the English gentleman ye are."

"I will, Fanshawe." He arose, and bending across the corner of the table, gave me his hand in a reassuring grip.

I hobbled beside him to the door,

he gently deprecating the courtesy, but I had an object.

"Naturally your Society is aware of your investigations."

"Naturally," he responded.

"Does Mrs. Fitzherbert know, or suspect, that her child survives?"

"She does not. It seemed too cruel to awaken hopes which . . . You understand. But, if at any time my chain of evidence should be completed, I must retain the right to . . ." he bowed.

"My ward is in her twenty-first year," I remarked noncommittally, stating a fact of general interest, with-

out especial bearing upon the eventualities under discussion.

He bowed lower.

"May I assume ye will not unsettle her mind by premature disclosures?"

"As to premature disclosures, ye may rest assured, and as to any disclosures until I have better evidence and your counsel. . . ."

"But my niece is in her twenty-first year," and bowing very courteously he withdrew.

"'Counsel' is not necessarily concurrence," thought I, hobbling back to my chair.

(*To be continued.*)

### THE NEW POETRY.\*

The difficulty which has always beset criticism in its attempts to arrive at a satisfactory definition of the word Poetry is by no means confined to the elusive nature of the art itself. For not only is the art of Poetry so sensitive and subtle as to escape again and again from the process of analysis, but the very standards by which it is controlled are continually changing, and the artist's own conception of his business is in a state of perpetual transition. Religion, philosophy, imagination, fancy, rebellion, and reaction—these, and many other elements in human thought, have left their impress upon the poetic tradition; and the function of criticism, as each new generation breaks with some established canon, has been more and more to hold to what is best in tradition, to test new movements in the light of that best, and yet to keep an open mind towards innovations, and to welcome any change, however revolutionary, that is calculated to enlarge the field of poetic vision and activity. This last function is the hardest of all the

tasks that criticism is called upon to undertake; but the more intelligently the critic embraces it, the better will he fulfil his responsibilities. The history of literature has proved with weary iteration that the worst and most retarding fault that criticism can commit is the tendency to doubt every new movement, and to challenge and defy methods whose novelty may indeed be disconcerting, and yet may contain the germ of artistic emancipation and enlightenment.

It behooves the critic, therefore, to walk warily among new movements, without losing touch with the permanent laws of his craft; and, to guide him amid all minor differences of period and taste, there will be found certain main conceptions of the poetic art, which have stood fast in the face of change and revolution. Pre-eminent among these, the very charter of Poetry itself, is the conception that poetry consists in the imputation of universality to the individual idea and impulse; and conversely in the interpretation of the individual impulse in the light of universal truth. The personal quality of the emotion or impulse expressed has been

\*"Georgian Poetry 1911-12," The Poetry Bookshop, 1912; "Georgian Poetry 1913-15," The Poetry Bookshop, 1915; "The Catholic Anthology 1914-15," Elkin Mathews, 1915.

always regarded as essential, because it is only through personality that the artist can make his appeal. But the individual personality acquires acceptance precisely as it relates itself to the universal heart of the world. When we read a poem, or a passage in a poem, and exclaim instinctively: "That is true. I never thought it before, but now it is said, I recognize it as true, and as so well said that it is never likely to be said better": when, in short, we find ourselves face to face with an eternal idea expressed in flawless language, we acknowledge instinctively that we are in the presence of poetry of the essential, classic order, against which time and the ebbing tide of taste are powerless. But there must be this complete fusion of thought with expression. The qualities of form, beauty, and music, which tradition has accepted as inseparable from poetry, remain inseparable from it today. Without the universal, living idea, embodying itself in personal experience, you may have agreeable, charming verse, but you cannot have poetry. And, with equal emphasis, unless the idea is clothed in language that fits it, embodies it, and gives it poetic currency, you may have rhetoric and eloquence, but you will not and cannot have poetry. For poetry so indissolubly blends the universal and the personal that idea, image, expression, and symbol are indistinguishable from one another in the perfected harmony of their union.

These considerations (trite enough, perhaps, in themselves) would appear to be worth recalling at the present time, since there is evidently some danger of their being forgotten in the indefatigable search for novelty and sensation which, after vexing the field of the English novel with varying fortunes, has recently attacked the poet's art as well. We have been passing through a period of intellectual transition and readjustment. The stirring

and revolutionary movements which convulsed the Victorian era have exhausted themselves: the world of ideas has grown stagnant; and the art of poetry has made but little recognizable advance for a period of something like twenty years. And now we are suddenly confronted by a new movement, on whose behalf the claim is made that "English poetry is once again putting on a new strength and beauty," so that "we are at the beginning of another Georgian period which may take rank in due time with the several great poetic ages of the past." These are proud words; and one of the most conspicuous revolutionists of the new school has elsewhere defined the movement with which he is identified in no uncertain terms. "Our aim," he says, "is natural speech, the language as spoken. We desire the words of poetry to follow the natural order. We would write nothing that we might not say actually in life—under emotion." It is, perhaps, not surprising to learn, as we do in the same context, that the herald of this new standard of poetry has "degrees of antipathy and even contempt for Milton and Victorianism and the softness of the nineties";\* and, though it is improbable that his contempt for what he describes as "the Miltonian quagmire" would be endorsed by many of the other champions of Georgian poetry, it is at least certain that the atmosphere of all the three volumes cited at the opening of this article is an atmosphere of empirical rebellion. Since, moreover, this atmosphere of rebellion is introduced with a confidence quite gloriously cocksure, it may not be without value to consider the claims of these young innovators, and to estimate the effect which their influence seems likely to exercise upon English poetry in the immediate future. It is evident that such influence is by

\*"The Poems of Lionel Johnson," with an introduction by Ezra Pound. Elkin Mathews.

no means negligible, for the first anthology of Georgian poetry is already in a twelfth impression, and many of the names that decorate it are among the most enthusiastically acclaimed of the younger generation. But, before we consider their performance in detail, a few reflections upon the art which they practise may help us to appreciate the precise standard of poetry to which their workmanship and spiritual outlook conform.

Poetry, it will be generally conceded, even by the most enterprising claimant for plain speaking in common speech, must work in one or other, or in all combined, of three different media—ideas, emotions, and moods. When poetry was defined as “a criticism of life,” the framer of the definition had in mind chiefly the poetry of ideas; when it is described as “emotion remembered in tranquillity,” the description is directed chiefly to emotional poetry; and when we are told, as we often are nowadays, that the sincere reproduction of a moment’s spiritual experience is the proper concern of the poetic art, this third and final definition applies almost exclusively to the poetry which seeks to reproduce the writer’s passing mood without any reference to its truth or value. The highest order of poetry will be found, under analysis, to combine elements from each of these three classes; for the emotion, without which poetry is barren, contains in itself an indirect reference to the mood in which it is evoked, while the poet proceeds from the registration of the emotion to test it by the standard of the universal idea. But it must never be forgotten that the idea is the germ of the poem; that the truth and universality of the idea is the test of the poem’s quality; and that, as poetry recedes from the region of ideas into that of emotions, and sinks still further from emotions into moods, it retires more and more from that high vantage

ground from whose summit the classic poetry of the ages overlooks the manifold activity of the world. From the idea to the emotion, and from the emotion to the mood, is a downward path, separating poetry from its high, universal significance, and bringing it step by step nearer to a condition of anarchy, in which every individual’s claim is paramount, where art can represent nothing permanent, since nothing permanent or stable exists within its survey to be represented.

Now a careful examination of these two volumes of Georgian poetry seems to suggest that during the last ten years or so English poetry has been approaching a condition of poetic liberty and license which threatens, not only to submerge old standards altogether, but, if persevered in to its logical limits, to hand over the sensitive art of verse to a general process of literary democratization. For some time before this movement took shape, the powers of reaction had been at work upon English poetry. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, for example, was in itself a reaction. If found the soulful earnestness of the Victorians quietly sinking into a sort of dogmatic philosophy. Science, religion, doubt, and faith had apparently taken the Muses’ Hill by storm; and a way of escape was sought into the dreams of the past, by reviving ideals and standards of a simpler and a more artistically-minded world. The step from such a mood to one of general discontent with all surviving traditions was but a short one; and the next step after that is inevitably the complete abandonment of tradition and standard alike. “We write nothing that we might not speak,” proclaims the new rebellion in effect: “we draw the thing as we see it for the God of things as they are. Every aspect of life shall be the subject of our art, and what we see we will describe in the language which we use every day. The result shall be the



New Poetry, the vital expression of a new race."

To such a manifesto, even before its artistic achievements come to be examined, there is one preliminary reply. It is indeed true that the artificer may put whatever he sees into his melting-pot, but it by no means follows that he will get a work of art out of his mold. It may be arguable that the poet should shovel the language of the mining-camp into his lyric, but it is more than doubtful whether poetry will emerge. Force may emerge, vigor may emerge, an impressive and vital kind of rhetoric may take form from the composition; but poetry is something more than these. Poetry must possess beauty; beauty is the essence of its being; and it has never been the general experience that the language of the common crowd possesses either beauty or authority. When poetry proposes to confine itself to the commercial counters of speech, the first thing we should expect would be a failure in dignity and charm. When it sets itself to break loose from the traditions of structure and harmony, the next inevitable consequence would be the wastage of form and melody. And, emphatically enough, the very first impression with which the reader of these volumes of Georgian poetry is assailed is an impression of a fitful lack of dignity, and a recurrent tendency to neglect the claims of form and structure, which continually distract the reader's attention from his author's meaning, by thrusting into the foreground a sense of the unrestrained and even violent fashion in which that meaning is striving to get itself expressed. That the form of expression has crude energy, rising at intervals into power, we do not dispute; but it is emphatically the sort of energy that has not hitherto been associated with the methods and aim of poetry.

The blank verse of Mr. Wilfrid Wil-

son Gibson, for example, has evidently thrown aside in weariness the golden foot-rule of the Augustans:

For sure enough the camel's old evil incarnate! . . .

The only moments I've lived my life to the full

And that live again in remembrance unfaded are those

When I've seen life compact in some perfect body. . . .

It would be amusing to hear Dr. Johnson's comments upon this turbulent kind of prosody. Such liberties with his favorite ten-syllabled line might well "perturbate his paradisaical state," torturing it into one of fuliginous thunderstorm. But Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's blank verse is yet more rough and unmelodious:

Anger was smarting in my eyes like grit.  
O the fine earth and fine all for nothing!  
Mazed I walkt, seeing and smelling and hearing:

The meadowlands all shining fearfully gold,—

Cruel as fire the sight of them toucht my mind;

Breathing was all a honeytaste of clover  
And beanflowers. I would have rather had it

Carrion, or the stink of smoldering brimstone.

Now, it is evident that the writer who sets down such unmetrical lines as these is writing in deliberate defiance of metrical tradition. No man, possessed by the impulse to express himself in verse, was ever the victim of so bad an ear as to believe that

O the fine earth and fine all for nothing!

is a reasonable line of blank-verse as it was understood by the classicists. But Mr. Abercrombie would very properly reply that he is not writing for the classicists at all, but for the young bloods of the twentieth century, and that he chooses to write like this for

the sake of avoiding monotony and of achieving sudden and vigorous effect. But, as a matter of fact, is the effect really heightened by this kind of incoherent violence? Is it not rather true that the description in the first passage quoted above is so confused and involved that the lines must be read twice before they take hold upon the imagination, and that even then the final impression left by them is one of an imperfect and unfinished draft? Vehemence without corresponding effect is nothing worth; it resembles the volubility of an unpractised orator, and the taint of undisciplined experiment too frequently affects and mars Mr. Abererombie's workmanship. His "Sale of St. Thomas" has a fine imaginative idea at the heart of it; it is, in fact, one of the few poems in the collection which deal with an idea of permanent significance and original force. St. Thomas is conceived as torn asunder between a divine impulse to carry on the work of his Master and a restraining prudence which perpetually retards his mission by suggesting the risks and perils of the enterprise. Finally the Master reappears and sells St. Thomas into bondage. For fear, He says, is a venial failing,

But prudence, prudence is the deadly  
sin,

And one that groweth deep into a life  
With hardening roots that clutch about  
the breast.

For this refuses faith in the unknown  
powers

Within man's nature; shrewdly bring-  
eth all

Their inspiration of strange eagerness  
To a judgment bought by safe experi-  
ence;

Narrows desire into the scope of  
thought.

Here is a fine animating theme for  
poetry, and one well suited to a muse  
pent upon new adventure; but through-

out the poem, as even more noticeably in his breathless, exclamatory drama "The End of the World," the poet appears to have hurled himself into the effort of creation before properly digesting his material, and to be content to accept as finished work what ought to have been recognized as the first rough notes, or "trial balance" of his composition. He is so eager to be trying conclusions with the new idea that he exhausts himself in a single flight, and never advances beyond the initial phases of the experiment.

This restlessness seems to be growing upon the poet, for his earlier work showed imagination much more satisfactorily at one with its material. His *vers libre*, which is now often crude and shapeless, had at first a genuine justification, in its courageous attempt to break free once and for all from the mild fluidity of the Tennysonian euphuists. He introduced a degree of elasticity and variety into the metre which was stimulating to the ear, while the eye was continually fed by rich and clustered imagery:

The world's a flame of the unquenching  
fire,

An upward-rapturing unhindered  
flame,

Singing a golden praise that it can be,  
One of the joys of God the eternal fire.  
But than this soaring nature, this green  
flame,

Largely exulting, not knowing how to  
cringe,

God's joy, there are things even sa-  
craeder,

Words: they are messengers from out  
God's heart,

Intimate with him; through his deed  
they go,

This passion of him called the world,  
approving

All of fierce gladness in it, bidding leap  
To a yet higher rapture ere it  
sink.

And again, in the lyric metre of the choruses in "Peregrinus" there was a haunting beauty, which appears too rarely in his later work:

Little flames, merry flames, modest low chucklings,

This is but maidenly pretence of shyness;

Little flames, happy flames, what are these secrets

You so modestly whisper one another?

Do we not know your golden desires,

And the brave way you tower into lust

Mightily shameless?

Why do you inly skulk among the timber?

Stand up, yellow flames, take the joy given you;

Resins and spunkwood, faggots and turpentine,

A deal of spices, a great cost of benzoin,  
Everything proper for your riot, O flames.

It is a great pity that a sort of impulsive impatience should mar such genuine ability, but it is difficult to resist the impression that Mr. Abercrombie is in danger of accepting everything that occurs spasmodically to his fancy as the finished product of a meditative art.

Something of the same haste and impatient negligence of technique disfigures the work of Mr. Walter De la Mare, who aims at a simpler form of fantasy than Mr. Abercrombie, only again and again to spoil a dainty fancy by wayward affectations and clumsy inversions:

Three jolly Farmers  
Once bet a pound  
Each dance the others would  
Off the ground.  
Out of their coats  
They slipped right soon,  
And neat and nicesome  
Put each his shoon.

An onomatopoeic measure like this, chosen to reproduce the spirit of the

dance, is absolutely ruined by such tortured phrases as weigh down the third, seventh, and eighth lines of this opening, and the same fault crops up all through the piece. And in "Melmillo" a gossamer imagination is marred by similar clumsiness of touch:

Three and thirty birds there stood  
In an elder in a wood;  
Called Melmillo—flew off three,  
Leaving thirty in the tree;  
Called Melmillo—nine now gone,  
And the boughs held twenty-one;  
Called Melmillo—and eighteen  
Left but three to nod and preen;  
Called Melmillo—three—two—one  
Now of birds were feathers none.

Here again the awkwardness of inversion, and the consequent suggestion of artificiality, go a long way to dispel the dainty and sincere simplicity of the picture.

But the champion of the new impressionism in poetry may reasonably rejoice that the very object to which these young writers are bending their energies is nothing less than emancipation from the metrical trammels of the past; that what they particularly desire is freedom of method allied to freedom of thought; and that their workmanship can only be judged in connection with the ideas which it embodies. This is true enough; all artistic technique must be largely controlled by the subject it portrays. We do not expect Caliban to discuss Setebos in the sublime language of the Deity, musing upon the perfected beauty of Eden. But dramatic propriety is one thing, and lyrical poetry is quite another. The question is, whether lyric verse can possibly "take rank with the several great poetic ages of the past," unless thought and expression combine to produce a thing of beauty, recognizable as beautiful by any sensitive taste, and containing at the heart's core that inevitable quality of the

universal which will be found to distinguish all the poetry that endures. There are certain poems in the collection to which it is possible to ascribe without hesitation this high and inalienable privilege, and it is no slight vindication of the standards of the past that they are all poems conceived and executed in the soundest tradition of fine workmanship.

Let us take, for instance, Mr. Sturge Moore's "Sicilian Idyll," which is not only the most striking poem in the earlier volume, but may be said to present, in an allegory, the complete philosophy of the poetic movement which it adorns. An aged couple in a Sicilian village are immersed in the mild atmosphere of repose and acquiescence which middle-age brings to those who have escaped from the disturbing passions of youth. Damon with his wine-bowl and his gossip, and Cydilla with her ball of worsted and nimble fingers, are content enough in their backwater of life. Only one anxiety troubles them. Their son Delphis has broken loose from their uneventful home, and gone out into the world in a mist of rebellion and adventure, to warm both hands before the fire of life. What has befallen him by the way? The shadow of that anxiety is always over the old people. One day Damon meets his son again. He has become tutor to a young lad, and his imagination is aflame with the delight of molding an impressionable soul to his own pattern. The very ecstasy of creation inspires him; and then suddenly another man crosses his path, a creature of low instincts and animal impulses, who inflames the boy's mind with unclean fancies, and seems likely in a moment to ruin the work of Delphis's long-cherished ambition. Then Delphis in his turn has to learn the lesson of the world's progress. Youth will not stay for the word of experience; the call of the wild tempts every new generation to its disaster. So Delphis,

enraged with civilization, takes the solitary way:

A vagabond I shall be as the moon is.  
The sun, the waves, the winds, all birds,  
all beasts

Are ever on the move, and take what comes;

They are not parasites like plants and men

Rooted in that which fed them yesterday.

Free minds must bargain with each greedy moment

And seize the most that lies to hand at once.

Ye are too old to understand my words;  
I yet have youth enough, and can escape

From that which sucks each individual man

Into the common dream.

What is this but the perfect apologia for the wandering life of an art which makes no compromise with tradition, an apologia expressed in language of great force, sincerity, and persuasiveness?

But the apologia is double-edged. For the wanderer goes his way, drifting without purpose upon a rudderless course, while the little citadel of civilization stands firm, because man is a social being, and it is through the self-sacrifice of the individual that the life of each generation is made easier than the last. And so, after Delphis has raved himself out of sight, the last word is with the old parents, as they gather up the worsted and the knitting, and trot off in search of their son's pupil "to offer their poor service in his stead."

We must be doing something, for I feel  
We both shall drown our hearts with  
time to spare.

Man cannot live for himself alone; his  
past and present must control the laws  
for his future. Nor can the artist



separate himself from the traditions of his art, and start afresh upon a new program with each new generation. The continuity of life and of art is alike unbroken; there is nothing really new nor isolated under the sun.

But Mr. Sturge Moore has disappeared from the later volume of Georgian poetry, whether because, as the editor says of absent contributors, he has "published nothing which comes within its scope," or because he "belongs in fact to an earlier poetic generation, and his inclusion must be allowed to have been an anachronism," we are not told. In any case the absence of his restrained and eloquent verse is a distinct loss to the later collection; and it is a further, and a very real misfortune to the movement as a whole, that two of its most gifted and promising leaders have been removed during the last year by the untimely stroke of death. In James Elroy Flecker and Rupert Brooke we gladly recognize two other poets of indisputable and glowing promise, whose influence upon their contemporaries might possibly have had the most salutary and formative results. Without them much that is left of the movement fades into a feverish confusion of experiment; but one of these two possessed intuitively, and the other was on the point of acquiring by experience, just that quality of artistic self-control which would save them from the excesses with which they were surrounded, and leaven the modern movement as a whole with a powerful leaven of beauty and spirituality. Flecker, indeed, had little to connect him with rebellious modernity. He indulged in no half-fledged experiments, and made no attempt to shock his readers' susceptibilities. His passion was chiefly for the old—old ships, old buildings, old legends, and old loyalties; and he sang their praise in haunt-

ing melodies which recalled the immemorial music of the old, unchangeable sea:

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of  
Wales,

When the first star shivers and the last  
wave pales:

O evening dreams!

There's a house that Britons walked  
in, long ago,

Where now the springs of ocean fall  
and flow,

And the dead robed in red and sea-  
lilies overhead

Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country; though night  
is here, afar

Your children of the morning are clam-  
orous for war:

Fire in the night, O dreams!

Though she send you as she sent you,  
long ago,

South to desert, east to ocean, west to  
snow,

West of these out to seas colder than  
the Hebrides

I must go

Where the fleet of stars is anchored, and  
the young

Star-captains glow.

Such melody and such imagery as this are in the true succession; they owe nothing to any passing fashion. But Rupert Brooke was essentially in the heart of the new movement; and his earlier work was not immune from its shortcomings both of taste and of faulty selection. He was obsessed by the modern melancholy. Fired by that love of English life and English scenery which is the hall-mark of the public school and University man, bubbling over with delight in life and love and sweet companionship, he could nevertheless rarely escape, even for an hour, from the depressing conviction of the transient quality of all beauty and all human enjoyment, even indeed of love itself.

Magnificently unprepared  
For the long littleness of life,

he had scarcely raised its goblet to his  
lips, before he saw the wine turn to  
poison in the cup. Bright eyes, gold  
hair, red lips—all would be dust in a  
few years, blown upon the wind in  
solitary, loveless pilgrimage.

And every mote, on earth or air,  
Will speed and gleam, down later  
days,  
And like a secret pilgrim fare  
By eager and invisible ways,

Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,  
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,  
One mote of all the dust that's I  
Shall meet one atom that was you.

And then, perhaps, would be granted  
to the dead passion its one faint hope  
of immortality, that the flame of re-  
united love should strike into the heart  
of some pair of living lovers, rapt out  
of themselves into an unfamiliar  
ecstasy:

And they will know—poor fools, they'll  
know!—

One moment, what it is to love.

The dread of the loss of individuality  
burned into the soul of this eager in-  
dividualist, until the horror of Nirvana  
almost consumed his power of ex-  
pression.

Oh, Heaven's Heaven!—but, we'll be  
missing

The palms, and sunlight, and the south;  
And there's an end, I think, of kissing  
When our mouths are one with  
Mouth. . . .

That last line, with its taint of in-  
herent ugliness, an ugliness which be-  
comes almost vulgar, is unfortunately  
characteristic of the worst side of  
Rupert Brooke, the itch to say a thing  
in such an arresting fashion as to  
shock the literary purist into attention  
even against his will. There are too  
many such blots upon his poetry.

Here, where love's stuff is body, arm  
and side

Are stabbing-sweet 'gainst chair and  
lamp and wall.

In every touch more intimate meanings  
hide;

And flaming brains are the white  
heart of all.

This is not poetry at all; once more  
we are confronted with the failure of a  
vehemence that loses itself in words.  
So too in the interminable list of mate-  
rial comforts which he loved (and  
Brooke never quite knew when to stop.  
when his imagination had started upon  
a mental catalogue), he exhausts and irri-  
tates the fancy with the suggestion of a  
cloistered, almost an epicurean, self-  
consciousness. Individualism indeed  
ran riot in his temperament; but, when  
the call came to make the supreme  
sacrifice, he learned in a sudden flash of  
revelation, what so many of his com-  
rades had learned by degrees upon the  
hard stones of experience, that indi-  
viduality is only given to man in order  
that he may devote it to the service of  
his generation.

Now, God be thanked Who has  
matched us with His hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened  
us from sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and  
sharpened power,

To turn, as swimmers into cleanness  
leaping,

Glad from a world grown old and cold  
and weary,

Leave the sick hearts that honor  
could not move,

And half-men, and their dirty songs  
and dreary,

And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we  
have found release there,

Where there's no ill, no grief, but  
sleep has mending,

Naught broken save this body, lost but  
breath;

Nothing to shake the laughing  
heart's long peace there

But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is  
but Death.

So invigorating, and so transcendently sincere, is this return of the poet upon the self-centered dreams of youth, with their vain regrets for the passage of beauty, that we may be excused for believing that, had Rupert Brooke survived the war, its cleansing fire would have lighted him to achievements both in life and poetry far greater than had yet been dreamed of by a philosophy so disillusioned and so disintegrate. *Dis aliter visum*: and now this bright young harbinger of beaconing possibilities sleeps by the *Ægean* sea:

A dust whom England bore, shaped,  
made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her  
ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English  
air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns  
of home.

And in his grave rest, beyond doubt, the highest expectations of the poetic movement which he seemed destined, in the very hour of his death, to turn into richer and more profitable channels.

The gulf which separates these three poets from the larger body of the New Poetry may, perhaps, be bridged by Mr. John Drinkwater, who in a well-conceived and finely-written idyll gives expression to yet one more allegory of the artistic life. "The Carver in Stone" indeed is easily referable to the sister art of poetry. It tells of a sculptor, patient and idealistic, who was engaged, with a host of his fellow-workmen, to decorate the frieze of a great temple. They set to work to embody the forms of local deities, tiger, owl, bull, leopard, ram, camel, lizard, and the rest, and carved them, as the crowd preferred to find them, without life or vital meaning. The solitary

artist, on the other hand, threw all his energies into the sculpture of an eagle, that spread

Wide pinions on a cloudless ground of  
heaven,  
Glad with the heart's high courage of  
that dawn  
Moving upon the ploughlands newly  
sown,  
Dead stone the rest. He looked, and  
knew it so.

The crowd, however, looked with other eyes. The king and his counselors flocked to inspect the work, and praised the lean, dull animals of the field. Only one critic noticed the eagle at all, and he would have preferred a swan. So the lonely artist left popularity to the others, and begged to be allowed to decorate the panels in the clerestory, unseen because no one would ever trouble to climb the winding stair. There he carved a great, squatting toad the emblem of the crowd's "emphatic warrant," and surrounded it with the other types of the people's gods, wonderfully interpreted now in the light of their own ugliness—cruelty, fear, and servile toil. The temple was finished, and nobody climbed the stair to see his panels between the high windows. But he looked in solitude and contentment

Again upon his work, and knew it  
good,  
Smiled on his toad, passed down the  
stair unseen,  
And sang across the teeming meadows  
home.

It would not be just to carry the comparison too far; for the fault of the New Poetry is certainly not that it lacks life, like the heavy images of the people's gods in the poem, but rather, and principally, that it lacks beauty and spirituality. Life it has in abundance, the fierce, feverish life of a mind that has not yet established its relations with its environment, and is perpetu-

ally launching excursions into new territory, without consolidating the ground that it has won. It is the life, in fact, of experiments and moods; and the poetry in which it issues is precisely that poetry of the mood and of the emotion, which we have already defined as lacking the sound foundations and universal significance of the poetry of ideas. The general atmosphere is that of a world in which there is no prevailing current of ideas, no pervading intellectual stimulus, and from which the natural refuge is found in the exaggeration of trivial incidents into some sort of symbolic relation with big movements, and in the acceptance of individual whims and wayward fancies in the place of firm philosophic ideals.

Symbolism plays an inevitable part in such a movement; and the readiness with which symbolism runs to seed always renders it a dangerous ally of poetry. For when it gets out of hand it is apt to trail off into a sort of entanglement of its own elaboration, growing by self-indulgence. The proximity of the author's fancy dulls the edge of the animating idea; and this is the very foible in which the imagery of the New Poetry loses itself again and again. It gets hold of a half-developed idea, and elaborates it out of all proportion and perspective. "The Hare," by Mr. Wilfrid Gibson, a fine poem in many respects, nevertheless labors under this disadvantage. In the hunted eyes of the hare the rustic sportsman realizes something of the shy apprehension of womanhood, a shyness which maternity and its consolations alone have the power to dispel. The image and the idea are true, but the poet proceeds to decorate them with all the circumstance of vinery—first the pursuit of the hare, then the pursuit of the woman, and then the two pursuits merged symbolically into one; until the whole thing is so overclouded

by half-realized metaphor that the main idea fades out of sight.

This fault strikes one the more strangely in Mr. Gibson's work, since his particular strength lies at the other extreme of quality. Swift vividness of impression is the essence of his art, and none among the younger writers has a surer gift for seizing upon the elements of a scene or an incident and presenting them arrestingly to the imagination. The brief, eager little poems, which he has devoted to events and impressions of the present war, furnish characteristic illustrations of his talent in this respect; and it is curious to find, as occasionally happens in his longer flights, that his touch is capable of faltering into indecision. But, when the artist breaks free of restraining standards, it is no uncommon experience that he should lose a sense of selection also. The very vividness of his insight tempts him to multiply impressions, until they overcrowd the picture and obliterate its purpose. This is one of the most insidious dangers of realism; and there are occasions when an even more perilous boundary gets crossed, in the poet's effort to be original and arresting at any cost.

The two pieces by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, which bear the names "The Snapdragon" and "Love and Cruelty," might well serve as cautionary examples of realism running riot in verse. Both deal with the sudden submergence of judgment and self-restraint in the clutch of gross physical passion, and both use symbols from the natural world to illustrate a degree of self-abandonment which is so invertebrate as to be practically abnormal. The sinister power of the impression is not to be denied; but it bears no sort of affinity to poetry. It is in both cases an experiment in perverted symbolism, casting a sombre shadow upon the wholesome impulses of passion and of natural sexual attraction.



Realism, however, is no rarity among the younger poets; and the lack of restraint which stimulates their frequent and irrelevant prolixity inspires them no less in the choice of subjects and of methods so coarse as inevitably to repel the clear, bright atmosphere of poetry altogether. Mr. John Masefield, no doubt, has done something to set the fashion, although he is only inadequately represented in these pages. But Mr. Masefield's moral narratives in verse have a powerful sense of virility behind them; and two of them, "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street," whatever may be thought of their violence of taste and diction, are at any rate highly impressive homilies in metre, filled to the brim with a glowing passion for morality. Mr. Masefield, moreover, is full of the true stuff of poetry, and when he is once at work by the countryside or on his even more familiar ocean, the splendor and variety of his imagery are impeccable. His realism also is invariably in the dramatic vein. If he is coarse, he takes his color from the theme; directly the theme rises in the spiritual scale, the poet's inspiration rises with it to heights that not infrequently border on sublimity. The same is true of Mr. Ralph Hodgson, who completely justifies the rather sombre realism of "The Bull" by the intense pathos and sincerity of its human allegory. Strength of this sort, even if it broadens down into crudity, is in direct harmony with its subject; the dramatic situation requires it, and its final effect appears artistically inevitable.

The realism of Mr. Lawrence and of Mr. William Davies is of an entirely different order. Here, as in certain isolated passages in Rupert Brooke's work, individualism bursts its bounds, and elevates a merely animal instinct into that higher region of ideas to which, of course, animal instinct has

always been recognized as a congenital foe. And the result, as in "The Bird of Paradise," is sheer ugliness, an ugliness which does grave injustice to the true spirit of beauty which fills Mr. Davies's pastoral poems with sunshine and the scent of flowers in a spring breeze. It is strange, at first sight, that such aberrations of taste should exist side by side with so much natural beauty; but they are evidently a common defect of the New Poetry, and would appear to have their root in the defiance, and consequent loss, of authority which attends all efforts to democratize society and art.

This failing is painfully evident in one of the finest and most impressive poems in either volume, the noble "King Lear's Wife" of Mr. Gordon Bottomley. Here, in a strongly-knit, vigorous, dramatic fragment, we are given a sort of prelude to Shakespeare's tragedy, and that a prelude which serves very reasonably to explain the inhuman treatment meted out to their father by Goneril and Regan at a later stage of his history. The Lear of this fragment is still a man in his prime, lusty and lustful, with a sickly, dying wife who has long since ceased to satisfy his uxorious demands. Goneril is just emerging into womanhood—a huntress maid; Cordelia is a prattling nursery child; Regan hangs about the kitchen for scraps. Upon Goneril falls the horror of revelation, for, as her mother lies dying in the great bed, she sees her father toying in the shadow with her mother's maid, who is already destined by the doting Lear to be the moribund wife's successor, while all the time the wanton is carrying on an intrigue with a younger man in the King's retinue. The honor of the house is in Goneril's hand, and she stabs her father's paramour to death, returning with the blood upon her hands, to point the moral of a woman's intuition:

I do not understand how men can govern,  
 Use craft and exercise the duty of cunning,  
 Anticipate treason, treachery meet with treachery,  
 And yet believe a woman because she looks  
 Straight in their eyes with mournful, trustful gaze,  
 And lips like innocence, all gentleness.  
 Your Gormfaith could not answer a woman's eyes.  
 I did not need to read her in a letter;  
 I am not woman yet, but I can feel  
 What untruths are instinctive in my kind,  
 And how some men desire deceit from us.

So far the drama, though not without a certain pagan brutality, is four-square within the containing walls of poetry—a fine and living piece of literature. How, then, comes it that on the very last page Mr. Bottomley should be willing to dissipate the final effect of a powerful scene by introducing into the death-chamber two prattling bel-dames, who, coming to lay the dead woman out, croon over her body a squalid ballad about a louse, and plunge the episode into a conclusion of intolerable bathos? It is in precisely the same spirit that Mr. William Davies paints a richly picturesque portrait of an old sea-going salt, whose memory was packed with the rough stuff of romance, and then tears the picture to pieces in a colophon,

"A damn bad sailor and a landshark too,  
 No good in port or out"—my granddad said.

The disillusionment of such a finish is complete; it is like a child destroying its sand-castle in a fit of petulance. And the motive is very much the same in both cases, for it has its origin in a freakish desire to shock.

Cleverness is, indeed, the pitfall of the New Poetry. There is no question

about the ingenuity with which its varying moods are exploited, its elaborate symbolism evolved, and its sudden, disconcerting effects exploded upon the imagination. Swift, brilliant images break into the field of vision, scatter like rockets, and leave a trail of flying fire behind. But the general impression is momentary; there are moods and emotions, but no steady current of ideas behind them. Further, in their determination to surprise and even to puzzle at all costs, these young poets are continually forgetting that the first essence of poetry is beauty; and that, however much you may have observed the world around you, it is impossible to translate your observation into poetry, without the intervention of the spirit of beauty, controlling the vision, and reanimating the idea.

The temptations of cleverness may be insistent, but its risks are equally great: how great indeed will, perhaps, be best indicated by the example of the "Catholic Anthology," which apparently represents the very newest of all the new poetic movements of the day. This strange little volume bears upon its cover a geometrical device, suggesting that the material within holds the same relation to the art of poetry as the work of the Cubist school holds to the art of painting and design. The product of the volume is mainly American in origin, only one or two of the contributors being of indisputably English birth. But it appears here under the auspices of a house associated with some of the best poetry of the younger generation, and is prefaced by a short lyric by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in which that honored representative of a very different school of inspiration makes bitter fun of scholars and critics, who

Edit and annotate the lines  
 That young men, tossing on their beds,  
 Rhymed out in love's despair  
 To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

The reader will not have penetrated far beyond this warning notice before he finds himself in the very stronghold of literary rebellion, if not of anarchy. Mr. Orrick Johns may be allowed to speak for his colleagues, as well as for himself:

This is the song of youth,  
This is the cause of myself;  
I knew my father well and he was a fool,  
Therefore will I have my own foot in  
the path before I take a step;  
I will go only into new lands,  
And I will walk on no plank-walks.  
The horses of my family are wind-  
broken,

And the dogs are old,  
And the guns rust;  
I will make me a new bow from an ash-  
tree,  
And cut up the homestead into arrows.

And Mr. Ezra Pound takes up the parable in turn, in the same wooden prose, cut into battens:

Come, my songs, let us express our  
baser passions.

Let us express our envy for the man  
with a steady job and no worry  
about the future.

You are very idle, my songs,  
I fear you will come to a bad end.

You stand about the streets. You  
loiter at the corners and bus-stops,  
You do next to nothing at all.

You do not even express our inner  
nobility,

You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half cracked.

It is not for his audience to contradict the poet, who for once may be allowed to pronounce his own literary epitaph. But this, it is to be noted, is the "poetry" that was to say nothing that might not be said "actually in life—under emotion," the sort of emotion that settles down into the banality of a premature decrepitude:

The Quarterly Review.

I grow old. . . . I grow old . . .  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers  
rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare  
to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and  
walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing,  
each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

Here, surely, is the reduction to absurdity of that school of literary license which, beginning with the declaration

I knew my father well and he was a  
fool,

naturally proceeds to the convenient assumption that everything which seemed wise and true to the father must inevitably be false and foolish to the son. Yet if the fruits of emancipation are to be recognized in the unmetrical, incoherent banalities of these literary "Cubists," the state of Poetry is indeed threatened with anarchy which will end in something worse even than "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." From such a catastrophe the humor, commonsense, and artistic judgment of the best of the new "Georgians" will assuredly save their generation; nevertheless, a hint of warning may not be altogether out of place. It was a classic custom in the family hall, when the feast was at its height, to display a drunken slave among the sons of the household, to the end that they, being ashamed at the ignominious folly of his gesticulations, might determine never to be tempted into such a pitiable condition themselves. The custom had its advantages; for the wisdom of the younger generation was found to be fostered more surely by a single example than by a world of homily and precept.

Arthur Waugh.

## LOST HORSES.

A month or so after the traitor Maritz had made his flamboyant proclamation in German Southwest Africa, a small body of mounted Union troops was operating in a district which may be described as "somewhere near Upington." Probably such secrecy of places and names is not at all necessary, but it lends an appropriate military flavor to the small events I describe. I may go so far as to say that the setting I have provided is fictitious, though similar events did, no doubt, occur in the operations against Maritz and Kemp and their heroes. The characters of the roan horse and of the boy Frikkie are true to life, and the small adventures did occur much as described, but in another country in South Africa and upon a different occasion. Accept the story as fiction, not as history; it will at any rate serve to throw a light upon one of the aspects of the fighting in that dry land, and it illustrates the close relationship between horse and man in that country of long distances and sparse population and infrequent water-holes. The conditions are the absolute antithesis of those in Flanders and the trenches.

The risk of losing his riding or pack animals is constantly present to the veld traveler. Fortunately it is seldom the cause of anything more troublesome than a temporary inconvenience, but there are occasions when serious hardships result, the loss of valuable time or of your animals, or risk to your own life. In most cases the loss of your beasts is due merely to the fact that they have strayed. They have, as a rule, either followed the lead of some restless animal who is making back for his stable, or else they have wandered away in search of grass or water.

A horse is less hardy than his hybrid half-brother, and more the slave of his belly. Thirst and hunger pinch him at once, and he is quick in search of comfort; he is therefore more likely to stop and suffer capture at the first patch of good grass he comes to. His superficial character, moreover, generally affords some indication both of the reason he has strayed and the direction he has taken. There are, however, a few horses who are inveterate and troublesome wanderers; they are generally old animals whose accumulated experience has developed a cunning foreign to their normal character. Such animals often possess an irritating facility for choosing the most inconvenient time to stray and the most unlikely direction to go.

If horses are the most frequent offenders, their sins in this respect are seldom serious. In my own experience mules are more liable to travel back along the road they have come than horses; they are more creatures of habit, their memory is more retentive, and they have greater natural intelligence. When a mule has acquired the habit of absenting himself from duty he is a perpetual trouble. The most malignant form of this disease occurs when the beast has developed an insatiable longing for one particular place, a definite goal from which nothing will turn him. This haven of his constant desire is generally the place where he was born, or where he passed the pleasant days of his absurd youth.

There are traits in most horses which, in conjunction with this foundation of congenital simplicity, go to make "character." Men who have dealt with horses in the less frequented parts of the earth know this well. They will remember one animal who had in a highly developed degree that instinc-



tive correctness of demeanor which can best be described as good manners; a second had a heart like a lion and checked at nothing; another was a prey to an incurable nervousness; while yet another was just simply mean. These mean horses are a perpetual menace; you never know when they will let you down. Sometimes they are clearly actuated by malice; sometimes, however, there is a subtle quality and timeliness in their apparent stupidity which gives you a horrid suspicion that you've been had, and that your horse is more of a rogue than a fool. Such an animal is always an old horse, never a young one.

I am not quite clear as to what a scout should look like. The typical scout of the North American Indian days, as exemplified in the person of Natty Bumppo, wore fringed buckskin and moccasins and coon-skin cap, while Texas Bill and his vivid companions had a more picturesque costume still, in which great silver-studded saddles and jingling spurs and monstrous revolvers bore a conspicuous part. I must confess that my own nine sportsmen were scrubby-looking fellows compared to their picturesque predecessors at the game. (The khaki trousers issued by an administration which was always more practical than picturesque do not lend themselves, in this generation at any rate, to romance.) But they were a hard and useful lot, much sunburned, and with gnarled, scarred hands. Deerslayer himself probably could not have taught them much about their own veld craft. Everyone was South African born; three of them were younger sons of loyal Boer farmers. One was a colored boy, a quiet, capable fellow. He was with us nominally as a sort of groom, but his civil manners and extraordinary capacity soon won him an accepted place in the scouts; though he rode and ate with us, he always sat a little apart

in camp. He had spent three or four years up country, where I had first come across him in fact, and had shot some amount of big game; he was excellent on spoor and had a wonderful eye for country, and I really think he was the quickest man on and off a horse, and the quickest and most brilliant shot I ever saw. He stood on the roster as Frederick Collins, but was never known by any other name than Frikkie.

The commandant of the rather nondescript commando, which was officially described, I believe, as a composite regiment, had a sound idea of the value of a few competent and well-mounted scouts, and had done us very well in the matter of horse. We had been "on commando" now for nearly five weeks, and had got to know our animals pretty well. During the confusion and changes of the first fortnight I had got rid of a dozen horses I saw would be of no use for our work, though suitable, no doubt, for slower troop duty, and by a cunning process of selection had got together a very serviceable lot, with four spare animals to carry kit and water on the longer trips away from the main body. Your spirited young things, though well enough to go courting on, are apt to get leg-weary and drop condition too soon on steady work, and all my mob were aged and as hard as nails. I will describe one or two of them presently.

Things were getting a little exciting about that time. Three rebel commandos, or rather bands, were known to be in the neighborhood, and it was essential to find out what their strength was and who their leaders were. There was not much reason to fear attack, for they were not well found in either guns or ammunition, and their ragamuffin cavalry were concerned to avoid and not invite a stand-up engagement. Rapidity of action was essential to the loyal troops, for the longer the re-

bellion dragged on the more risk there was of it spreading. It was necessary to find out at once the actual movements of these bands, and the best way of doing so was to keep tally of the water-holes. Men can, if necessary, carry water for themselves, but horses, especially those from the moist high veld of the Transvaal, must have water regularly or they go to pieces very quickly in that dry, hot land. And so the remote and forgotten pit at Ramib had suddenly become of importance, and I had been told to send two men to examine it at once.

It lay within the rocky belt which came down south of the Orange River somewhat to our right; it was supposed to be twenty miles away; but it might prove five miles less or ten miles more. It was known to have held water fifteen months before, and our business was to find out if it still held water, how long that water would be likely to last, and if any of the rebels had been to it recently. No one in the column was aware of its exact location, but I myself knew enough of those parts to guess roughly where it must lie. I decided to take one man and a pack-horse, and to take the patrol myself. No native guide was available, and the Colonel did not, for obvious reasons, care to make use of any of the few local Boers who carried on a wretched existence as farmers in that barren country.

My own horse was a big bay, an uncomfortable beast, but capable of covering much ground; like many big men, he had little mental elasticity and no vices. Frikkie had an unassuming bay of ordinary manners and capacity, and with a natural aptitude for routine and a military life. The third horse was a king of his class. He did not belong to the scouts, but I had borrowed him to carry the pack on that patrol. He was mean all through; in color a sort of skewbald roan, and in char-

acter an irreclaimable criminal. He had a narrow chest, weedy white legs, and a pale shifty eye; he was very free with his heels, and an inveterate maulingerer. He had never carried a pack before and we were prepared for trouble, for his malevolent spirit had already acquired a wide reputation.

The patrol left the column a little before sunset, after a windless, baking day. The horses were in excellent fettle. The roan had given some trouble with the pack, but before he could throw himself down or buck through the lines he was hustled out of camp to an accompaniment of oaths and cheers in two languages. Once away and alone he went quietly, but doubtless with hate in his heart, for his beastly eye was full of gall.

Dawn found us hidden on the top of a low stony kopje, the horses tied together among the brown boulders below. It was bitter cold as the light grew, and the sun came up into an empty world. I waited there for half an hour, partly to find any signs of white men, and partly to work out the lay of the land and the probable direction of the pit. Nothing was moving in the whole world. It was clear where the water must be. On the right was the usual barren desert country we had come through during the night, low ridges of stone and shale, and a thin low scrub of milk bush and cactus. On the left the land grew much rougher towards the river; the rocky valleys stretched for miles in that direction. Presently we led the horses down off the kopje, and an hour later saw us looking down at the chain of small holes, still full of good water. I stayed with the hidden horses while Frikkie cut a circle round the pools. There was no sign of life, he reported, only the old sandal spoor of some natives; no horse had been down to the water for weeks, probably for months. We off-saddled in a hidden corner some way

from the water, and got a small fire going of thin dry sticks. The horses were given a drink and turned loose. It was criminal foolishness not to have hobbled or knee-haltered the roan, for ten minutes after they were let go Frikkie called out that the horses had completely disappeared.

One realized at once that there was no time to be lost. It was probable that the roan had led them away, and that he meant business. The saddles and pack were hurriedly hidden among some rocks with the billy of half-cooked rice, the fire was put out, and we took up the spoor.

It was soon evident that the animals were traveling, and were not straying aimlessly in search of feed. The spoor of the discolored strawberry beast was always in front—his footprints were like his character, narrow and close. Above his tracks came those of Ruby, the police horse, round ordinary hoof-marks, and well shod; my own horse's immense prints were always last, solid and unmistakable. Mile after mile the tracks led into a rockier and more barren country. What little stunted and thorny scrub there was had not yet come into leaf, and there was no shade and no sign of green anywhere. Ridges of sharp gravel and small kopjes of brown stone alternated with narrow valleys without sign of green or water. In the softer ground of these valleys the spoor was plain and could be followed without any trouble, but on the rocky ridges the tracks became difficult to hold where the horses had separated and wandered about. The trail led eastwards, into a rocky, waterless, and uninhabited country. There was no reason for the roan's choice but just native malice, for he had come from the west the previous day. Doubtless the main camp would be his ultimate destination, but it seemed apparent that he intended to inflict as deep an injury as he could before

he set his sour face again to the west.

It was within half an hour of sundown before I came up with the horses, and then only the two bays; the roan's spoor showed that he had gone on about an hour before. They were standing under a bunch of thorn trees, the only shade they had passed since they were let go that morning. For the last mile or two the tracks, which had become more aimless as the hot afternoon wore on, had turned a little to the north. Probably, as the allegiance of his small following had weakened, the leader's thoughts had turned to the companionship of the camp, and when they had finally refused to follow him any farther he had abandoned the rest of his revenge and had turned frankly for home.

We rounded up the two horses and thought of our camp, probably eight miles away in a direct line. Though they were tired and empty they would not be caught, and it was soon evident that they would not be driven either. I will not ask you to follow the dreadful hour which ensued. This crowning flicker of rebellion at the end of a disastrous day nearly broke our hearts. It was well after dark when we finally abandoned the horses in an area of steep rocky ridges and narrow valleys covered with cactus; it was quite impossible to cope with them in the dark in such a country. We reached camp about ten, but were too tired and disappointed to make a fire. A tin of bully-beef, and the mass of opaque jelly which had once been good Patna rice, were the first pleasant incidents of a baking, hungry day.

The second day began before dawn with as large a breakfast as we could compass: black coffee, the little bread that was left, and a large quantity of rice. I have seldom eaten a more cheerless meal. Three or four pounds of rice, some coffee, a tin or two of bully, and a little sugar were all that re-

mained to us, and there was no chance of getting more. I must confess that at this stage a tactical error was committed which cost us the long day's work for nothing. A golden rule where lost animals are concerned is to stick to the spoor, but as I thought it very probable that the horses would turn north and west again during the night and make for their last place of sojourn, I tried to save half a dozen hours by cutting the spoor ahead. It was nearly noon, and a mile or two beyond where the roan had left the others, before it became a certainty that the horses had done the unlikely thing, and had gone either south or farther east into the broken country. At that moment they were probably ten miles away. I then did what one should have done at first, and went to the point where we had last seen them. That afternoon was hotter and emptier than the last, and sunset found us on a cold spoor going north. We had wisely brought rice and coffee and water-bags with us that morning, and Frikkie had shot a klipspringer—baboons and klipspringer were the only animals we had seen the last two days. If you suppose that we had used any of the water for washing you are making a mistake, though Heaven knows that we both would have been the better for a bath. We slept on the spoor, and bitter cold it was without blankets; there was not scrub enough for a decent fire.

Matters were getting serious. We were then twelve miles from the saddlery and, so far as we knew, the nearest water, and twenty more from the camp. If the horses were not found and caught that day they would have to be abandoned, and we would have to pad the hoof home *via* the disastrous pools at Ramib.

But fortune does not frown forever; it is a long lane that has no turning. Within an hour of sunrise we came into

the quite fresh tracks of the horses crossing their own spoor. Frikkie exclaimed that there were three horses, and an examination showed the narrow tracks of the red horse with the other two; they had not found water and were evidently on their way back to Ramib. We came on to the animals a few minutes afterwards. Except that they were hollow from want of water they were none the worse, and apparently they were not sorry to see us. By the time the sun was in the north they had had a good drink and were finishing the little grain in the pack. Midnight saw us riding into the main camp—only to find it deserted, for the column had marched. The camp was apparently completely empty, and it felt very desolate under a small moon. I expected I would discover a message of some sort for me at sunrise; in the meantime the obvious thing was to keep out of the way, so I went half a mile off into the veld, and the boy and I kept watch by turn until dawn.

Nothing moved in or round the camp till near sunrise, when three men rode out of some shale ridges about a mile away on the opposite side, and came down to the water. By the white bands round the left arm—the sign of loyal troops—I knew them for our own men; indeed we had recognized the horse one of them was riding. They gave me the message they had stayed behind to deliver. We were to stay and watch the camp site for three or four days, and to patrol daily some distance to the southeast. The water was important, for it was quite probable that one or other of the rebel commandos would come to it. The men had hidden provisions for us and some grain for the horses; they themselves were to hurry on to the column with our report of the Ramib pits. We rode a few miles along the column spoor with them, and then turned off on some gravelly ground and fetched a



compass round back to the place in the shale ridges where the men had slept and where the provisions were. We took no more chances with the strawberry horse; he was closely hobbled.

The loss of the animals had been a serious thing, and we were extremely fortunate to have got out of it so easily. It did not lessen the annoyance to realize that it was my own fault for not hobbling the roan, but only a rogue by constitution and habit would have carried his hostility to so dangerous a length. But within a week he was to provide another taste of his quality. This time nothing more serious was involved than the risk of his own loss, for we were never led far from water in so menacing and barren a country as that beyond Ramib.

Most of that day was spent in the stony krantz, from which a view could be obtained over the whole dry, gray landscape, and the pools a mile away. In normal times the laagte was frequently used for sheep grazing, but in these days of mobile and ever-hungry commandos the few farmers in the vicinity were grazing their meagre flocks nearer their homesteads. Except for a few wandering Griquas, and possibly a band of ragged rebels on tired horses, it was not likely that our watch would be interrupted. A rough shelter made of the stunted spiny scrub served as a sentry box; the saddles were hidden in a narrow cleft on the lee side of the ridge, and the horses were kept down in the valleys.

In the afternoon we saddled up and rode south and east, keeping for the most part to the rough ridges, and overlooking the level country along which our column had come, and which was the natural approach from that side for any body of men having wheeled transport with them. We did not ride for more than an hour, but my

glasses showed an empty, treeless world for miles beyond. If the commandos did come our way they would probably trek by night; we should hear them arrive and laager about dawn, and sunrise would have seen us well on our way to our own men.

Just at dusk that evening we rode along the lee of the ridge upon which our poor home was. Frikkie was riding the roan. He was leading his own animal, for a single horse could not be left grazing alone, to be picked up, perhaps, by any wandering rebel, or to stray off in search of companionship. When we passed under the highest point of the ridge I stopped and sent Frikkie to the top, for he could spy in both directions from there. I took the led horse from him, and he threw the roan's reins over the neck to the trail on the ground—the accepted instruction to every trained veld horse to stand still. I watched the boy's slim figure against the sunset sky in the west as he turned about, searching the veld through his binoculars, though it was really getting too dark for prism glasses. He called out that nothing was moving, and presently came lightly down the steep slope in the gathering dusk. As he reached his horse the beast turned his quarters to him and walked away; the boy walked round, but again the horse turned away; and when I put my horse across to check him he lifted his head and trotted off. We knew that we couldn't catch the beast if his views on the matter did not coincide with ours, so we walked on the half-mile to where the skerm was, thinking the horse would follow up his mates at his leisure.

This was a new, but not unexpected, trait in an already depraved character. Some horses, though they are inveterate strayers, are easy to catch when you do come up with them; others are very difficult to catch, though they seldom go more than a

mile from the camp; this hectic degenerate apparently combined both these bad habits.

An hour after dark the horse had not turned up, though our own reliable animals were knee-haltered and turned loose for a time with their nose-bags on as decoys. At dawn he was not visible in any of the shallow valleys we could see to the east of the ridge; and to our surprise and concern he was not in the valley where the water was and where the camp had been.

Our own horses were knee-haltered short and let go, and we spent a careful hour examining the margin of the pool, but there was no narrow spoor to show that the roan had been down to drink during the night. I spent the morning with our horses and on the lookout, while the boy cut a wide semicircle round to the south and west of the water. He came in at mid-day, certain that the truant had not gone out in those directions. Then Frikkie took over the sentry work, and I set out to cover the remainder of the circle. I worked methodically along the soft ground of the valleys outside the range of the area already fouled by the spoor of our own animals, and where I would find the roan's tracks at once. From time to time I climbed one of the low ridges, for the boy was to spread a light-colored saddle blanket over a prominent rock on the side away from the water as a signal if he saw either the lost horse or anyone approaching from the south, or in case of other danger. Nothing occurred during the long, hot afternoon.

That evening, when I got back to camp, I found two Griquas sitting over the coals with Frikkie. They said they were shepherds, and they may have done a little of that congenial work recently, but they looked to me more like sheep-stealers. They were wild people from the Orange River, and I was sure they had never been

any sort of farm laborers. However, they were friendly enough and promised help in the morning. The horse had then been without water since the morning of the previous day. He had not strayed away, for at sunset he must have been still within four or five miles of the camp; if he had intended business we would have cut his outgoing spoor during the day. Horses were too valuable in that country and at that time for the loss of even such a three-cornered abomination as the pink horse to be taken lightly.

Morning showed that the horse had not been to the water during the night. He had then been forty-eight hours without water. The only thing was to take up the spoor where the animal had last been seen, and so stick to it till he was found. The Kalahari bushmen have the reputation of being the finest trackers in South Africa, but these two cross-bred Griqua bushmen gave us an incomparable exhibition of skill. I have had some experience of that game, and Frikkie was a master, but these savages astonished us.

Inch by inch the spoor was picked out from that of the other animals. No proved mark was abandoned until the next was certified, often only an inch or two away. The only slight help they had was the rare and very faint mark where the trailing reins had touched the ground. The first hundred yards took probably an hour to cover, but when the spoor reached comparatively clean ground the work was easier. At this point Frikkie got the water-bags and some food and joined the bushmen, for it was possible that the horse, driven by thirst, had taken it into his head to travel far during the previous night.

Late that evening the trackers returned with the horse. He was emaciated and weak, but otherwise quite well, though for some days his back was tender from the continual "sweat-

ing" of the saddle blanket. His spoor showed that he had spent the first night and day wandering about the low ridges and hollows not far from our camp, and that the night before he had commenced to journey away into the empty country to the east. Somewhere about dawn of that third day his trailing reins had hooked up on one of the few bushes in that country strong enough to hold him, and there he was found by the bushmen, the picture of a natural misery, and too dejected to take much notice of his rescuers. Nothing but his own gloomy thoughts had prevented him from going down to the water at any time, or to the companionship of our camp.

Thirty-six hours after this we were back with the main column. It is not necessary to add that we were glad to get a bath and a generous meal, and that I took the first opportunity of handing over the parti-colored strawberry to troop duty.

In the first of these two offenses it is clear that the white-legged roan was animated by spite. Such malevolence is rare enough, but his second performance is much more remarkable. I offer three alternative explanations. The first is that it was just stupidity. I have the poorest opinion of the intelligence of the horse, as distinct from instinct. It is professor Lloyd Morgan, *The Cornhill Magazine*.

I think, who defines instinct as "the sum of inherited habits," and this may be accepted as a sound definition. Elementary necessity, to say nothing of instinct or intelligence, should have driven him to the water soon after he had obtained his freedom. He could not have forgotten where the water was. If his normal mental process was so dislocated by the fact of the saddle on his back without the presence of the masterful human in it, then he was a fool of the first class.

The second solution I offer is that his action was prompted by roguery; for even a very limited intelligence would have warned him that he would be captured if he ventured near either the water or the camp. It may be that when his reins hooked up he was on his way to the free water at Ramib. The third explanation is that he was a little daft. In a long and varied experience of horses I cannot really remember one so afflicted, though I had a pack-mule once that I am certain was a harmless lunatic. You may take your choice of these alternatives; for my part I incline to the second.

John Ridd's rustic wisdom led him to express the opinion, upon the memorable occasion when John Fry was bringing him home from Blundell's School at Tiverton, that "a horse (like a woman) lacks, and is better without, self-reliance."

*R. T. Coryndon.*

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## THE LOVE POTION.

The Blacksmith and the Blacksmith's Daughter carried on the iron work of the village and the farms with sturdy persistence through the long days of war. They each felt that they were taking part in the huge national effort, and, such was the skill of her father's example and teaching, there were few blacksmiths in Eng-

land, six months after she took the place of Mr. Laxter's rather lazy apprentice (gone a-farriering in far lands), who could compete with her in the finer work. From the early spring afternoon when we saw her busily hammering out a breast-plate for her brother, and meditating another for the warfaring son of the hind of Farmer

Jenkins, she had devoted herself with feminine ingenuity to devising breast-plates and shoulder-plates and head-pieces capable of thwarting the bullets of German snipers and wandering shrapnel.

It was certainly a new industry for woman; her application of the peaceful art of millinery to the necessities of war was a development of things that no one could have anticipated. But the forge and the smith reveled in this new art, or rather this ancient art newly applied. The forge had come into its own again. For centuries its main and famous industry had been the arming of men and horses. Pieces of armor for both from this very forge were the pride of county museums, and the time must come when Marion Laxter's head-pieces will hang in places of record, with neat little inscriptions beneath telling the tales of maker and wearer alike. Perhaps the forge itself will carry a medallion: "Marion Laxter worked here in the Great War." Marion, indeed, glowed with happiness at the thought of the new art. With infinite labor she and her obedient father perfected a masterpiece and dispatched it to the War Office. Whether it ever played a part in the design of the helmets issued, cannot be said; but the receipt was gratefully acknowledged, and the type-written effort of a Department that has long been the despair of inventive geniuses is treasured as a family heirloom.

To Mr. Laxter life had taken a new turn. He had now an apprentice such as no blacksmith, no armorer, ever before could boast. Ideas flowed from her fruitful brain; early they labored and late, since mere bread-making, the lowly art of shoeing, had to steal time from the long day. The shoeing work in its heavier aspects, and, indeed, weighty matters relating to farming implements and broken wheels, were in the male department. But even

here Marion played an active part. Her strength increased day by day. A powerful, dangerously powerful, young woman she had become by the time that the summer was bending towards autumn.

"I do think," said Mr. Laxter, wiping his grimy hands on his leathern apron, "that you do be a boy, after all."

"I do think," said his daughter, scornfully, as she adjusted an errant lock and incidentally wiped her forehead with her arm, "that you do be my granmer."

"Your mother's mother were a g'eat powerful woman, wi' a hand like shou'der o' mutton an' a tongue like ——" Mr. Laxter vainly sought for an illustration.

"I do mind Granmer. Did she not whip me the year she did die?"

"'T killed t'owd lady," said Laxter, with a chuckle, and to close the parley set the bellows roaring.

Marion accepted her defeat with resignation. Her mind was busy with steel millinery, and, pending a call from the lord of the forge, she stood at the door and gazed at infinity, away and beyond the exquisite scene, to those fields of her imagination, the dreadful yet hallowed fields of France and Belgium. Homelands were so near and dear that she never saw them, though in fact they were the background of all her consciousness. Billow on billow of greenness, greenness of every hue, already touched here and there with the first gold of autumn, extended before the forge. It was a scene for any painter, any lover, this land of the Old Men, of the dead generations whose stone circles and ruined fanes told of a civilization that once here, too, had stood for home and freedom. The road that threaded the moor was in a sense a record of their defeat. The farms nestling by the river, this very forge, were all symbols of conquest.

But these thoughts, though not al-



together unknown to her, since talk of the Old Men was common talk in the farms, troubled her not now. She was thinking of herself as the Savior of an Army—had not the War Office accepted her helmet—and something of the spirit of Joan of Arc was stirring in her blood. But she had vague, uncertain longings that belonged to the Old Testament. A few weeks before the Sunday lesson of Jael and Sisera had stirred her to the deeps. Since then she had frequently invited a shadowy fugitive emperor into an imaginary tent, luring him with a saucer of milk, like any cat. Many a nail drove she into many a harmless hoof with the model of Sisera's painful end in mind. Her views were frequently expressed to her father, who did not share them in the least.

"Let the poor creature be," quoth he. "'Tis a foolish man to come fighting us."

"But I want to get at him, father."

"You be allays wanting to down someone. There be poor Sam's father, an old man; you did threaten he wi' the sledge. You did kill your poor old granmer; you did droppen a plough on your poor father's foot; you did——" The Blacksmith looked up with a grin, and brought out of the flames white iron to be tortured into instant shape—"Even want to marry poor Sam. Leave the German King to his own womenkind to be punished."

"You be just right this far, that I do want to bang something."

"Well, don't let the iron cool"; and the ringing sound of the hammer filled the smithy just as old Three Strides looked in at the half door. His humorous, wise face twinkled, and the tousle-headed little man with him, who could but just look over the gate, swallowed a guffaw. Presently the girl had leisure to look round and nod them a pleasant smile, a sort of sudden gift that made the world itself smile.

LIVING AGE. VOL. IV., No. 200.

Three Strides had also a gift to give.

"He be home on leave."

"They be all holiday-makers i' France," said the girl, as coldly as her work allowed, and at the same moment she drove a tent-pin through Sisera's temples so vehemently that the patient horse gravely turned his reverend head and looked down at the beardless smith. Mr. Laxter stroked his beard and growled, "Steady, lass"; but whether to the horse or the daughter, he himself did not know. "Be Sam home again, friend?" said he, as the horse was led away.

"He be home," said the woodland giant; "glad to be home, and I must cure he. 'Tis my bit o' war work."

"Cure he?" said Marion, quickly, as she rolled down her sleeves and faced the pair. "Why, wot's he want curing for? He baint bacon."

Humpty looked up at her with his piercing little eyes. "'T comes o' holiday-making i' France."

"What you mean, Humpty?"

"We must cure he. 'Tis our bit o' war work."

"Yes, *our* bit o' war work," quoth the old giant, generously looking down on his tiny friend. "The herbs be a-brewing this minute up i' the circle there." The girl's eyes flashed across heather, copse, and bracken, to the neighboring height, and saw a feather of smoke floating away to the north. "Doctor say we be the best cure o' all ('Better than I be,' says doctor) for sick man just shaken to bits wi' gunfire and bullet wounds. Doctor *give* us the case."

"Doctor give *us* the case," repeated Humpty, proudly.

"How so be, Mrs. Laxter won't thank we for talking to you o' Sam, Billy Milford's son, though he do be a sergeant wi' a ribbon in his coat and half the gentry's ladies from Lunnion to Blackwood a-hunting him down wi' plates o' whortles an' cream."

"You do be quiet, Three Strides, or else I'll strike you," said the girl, with anger in her eyes. "Father, I be going to dinner to Mrs. Harrage's." And, before a word could be said, the infuriated apprentice had swept out of the forge and plunged into the woodland path that led to Blackwood and Close Lane Farm. Three Strides stroked his straggly beard, and laughed an Olympian laugh, while Humpty, smiting his little thigh, cried with the shrill upward note of a thrush, "'Tis a case for a love potion."

Mr. Laxter talked freely. "T'owd woman is dead against Marion lowering herself by marrying on to the land."

"I see, I see," said the giant. "'Tis natural, very natural. Human beings be very natural. That is why I am brewing a love potion up on hill. Dost think, Humpty, 'tis done?"

"To a turn," quoth Humpty. And so it was, as we shall see.

Mr. Laxter invited the giant and Humpty to dinner, not without some fear, but yet with great determination. Such ancient friends were worthy of entertainment, and there was duck for dinner this Saturday, so while Humpty sped off on a secret mission to the Great Circle, Three Strides and Laxter, sauntered home. Presently they were joined by the little man, dancing with delight.

"What need," said Laxter, "be there for love potion in this case? They do love already."

"Mr. Laxter," said Three Strides, impressively, "be I the witch or be you the witch?"

"I be no conjurer," said Laxter, hastily; "there be no such people, I do believe."

Three Strides smiled down at the broad-girthed smith indulgently.

"Have I not, John Laxter, cured kine out of number; have I not smoothed away limb-rack and head-rack; have I

not made marriage an easy burthen in cases unbelievable; have I not blessed the moor as none before me, and all at the cost of a meal and a shake-down, time and again, repaid more than enough by my fiddle and Humpty's song? Do I not brew herbs like as none before I?" The smith bent his head. "Humpty, give I the love potion."

"But they do need no love potion, I tell 'ee," said the smith, obstinately, and the words brought them to the cottage door, the cottage that is bowered in roses, at the bend where the long hill looks down on the village and on the foaming river with its ancient bridge.

Mrs. Laxter was at the door, looking white, tired, and strained. Her perpetual headache was at its worst today, and she was in no mood for guests; moreover, the rumor of Sam's return had put the fear of Cupid in her heart. But the fame of Three Strides was no mean fame, and, accepting the inevitable, she invited them, and merely received the news that Marion had gone to the farm with a deep sigh. Deftly she dished the dinner, and bade them sit down. But there was a moment's delay, due to a remarkable word from the giant. "Mrs. Laxter," quoth he, "I do come to cure before I do come to eat. Give thee me a little cup."

Obediently she brought the cup, wondering what he meant. He had in his hand a small glass phial, the contents of which he poured into the cup, while Humpty chanted unintelligible words of some ancient ritual. "Drink," said the giant, "and lay thee down while we eat. You need no meat today."

"I do like duck," said Mrs. Laxter, who had cooked the feast.

"Drink, woman, drink!" And she drank, and disappeared up the little stairway.

"This do be hard on my owd woman," said Laxter, feebly.

"'Tis the way of conjurers," said the old man. "Moreover," added he, impressively, "it be usual to take love potions on an empty belly." They were all in the middle of the feast before the meditative Laxter exclaimed, with sudden appreciation of the position, "My word! Poor Sam," quoth he, and added, "'Tis a strange thing to give love potions to owd married folk."

Long before Mrs. Laxter woke from her blessed sleep the conjurers were up and away. Laxter himself indulged in a long forty winks, and when he awoke it was evening, and still his wife slept on in the little upper chamber. At last he heard her stirring, and presently she came down, and strangely changed was she. Her voice was young and happy. The perpetual headache had gone. She hummed a song that Laxter remembered thirty years before. She busied herself laying supper. "John," she said, "tell me about Sam. Be he a hero?" Now, the conjurers had told John all about Sam after dinner, and so John (with inward misgivings) told The Contemporary Review.

his wife. "Will be officer soon, will young Sam," he ended.

Then Mrs. Laxter made the historic remark that confirmed everything that Laxter had ever heard against the sex that she adorned. "I allays did think *and say* as how young Sam would be a general, and that our Marion would be a lady in her own rights."

It was at this unspeakable twilight moment that the second raid on the Laxter larder began. The conjurers were carrying out their cure. A procession approached the cottage. It was led by Humpty; it was brought up by Three Strides; in the midst limped a very pale Sam, with strange, strained eyes, leaning on the stalwart arm of Maid Marion; behind them came the rough cast forms of the parents of Sam. The procession was a fearless one; the only person who had any fear was Laxter. Yet even his fear was unjustified. Mrs. Laxter, with the step of a girl, emerged from the cottage, and, walking up to Sam, kissed him. "Welcome, my son," said she.

"'Tis a good potion," said the Chief Conjurer, as he closed the cottage door.

J. E. G. de M.

## WOMEN IN FRANCE AFTER THE WAR.

M. Durandy, the Deputy for Nice, comments severely in the *Petit Marseillais* on an incident which has aroused much heated discussion in Paris, that of a youthful Parisienne entering a restaurant in a costume modeled almost exactly on that of an army officer, with forage cap tilted over the ear, gilt buttons, riding-whip, and eyeglass all complete. The diners apparently protested, but M. Durandy thinks they ought to have done more than that, and spanked the young woman publicly. He further maintains that, inasmuch as the whole Press of Paris is talking about it, the case is a symp-

tomatic one, and attracts attention to the present mentality of French women. "Has the war," he asks, "had upon them the felicitous influences which were expected? . . . On the morrow of the thunderclap of August, 1914, the miracle was proclaimed. The Frenchwoman was going to change 'de peau et de poil' (fundamentally). She would resuscitate all the ancient family virtues, would become 'pot au feu' (a housewife), the guardian of the home, and the prolific mother of virile progeny. And, in fact, many admirable efforts and innumerable acts of devotion were witnessed. But, alas!"

M. Durandy greatly fears that "many women grew tired on this difficult road. Many disagreeable things are related, whispered and insinuated as to the morals prevailing behind the Front, the recrudescence of divorcees, the extravagance of the fashions that are worn. Pure calumnies perhaps. But in any case it is necessary to react, and to watch. Without the smiling complicity of woman, the resuscitation of France will be very difficult." That is why M. Durandy calls for such excessively strenuous methods in the treatment of the erring ones, "for the future of the country is involved."

These views, though they overshoot the mark, merit some attention because, if brought to the notice of English people, they may help to save them from forming a false opinion as to how the French estimate the value of what women have done during the war, and what is to be expected of them when it is over.

We all know the type of man in England who may be counted on in an after-dinner speech to proclaim with maudlin and perfectly insincere effusiveness that "he owes everything in the world to his wife." You should watch the wife's face when he says that. This speech means as a rule nothing, except perhaps that the husband was absent from his home all the previous night. But it is always received with wild applause by the other married men present, with whom it is an admitted formula for invoking that charity on the part of the wife which is essential to covering a multitude of sins, and for posing the man to his own satisfaction, and that of his friends, as an unquestionable woman-lover, imbued with a high sense of galanterie.

Owing to our insular limitations, many English imagine that the French must necessarily like whatever they like. An example of this recurs to memory in connection with a banquet

which was given some years ago to a party of French sailors at the Mansion House in London. The English organizer of the feast was warned: "Be careful not to give them mint sauce. They are sure not to like it." "But *I adore* mint sauce," was the genial reply. In something of the same spirit several writers and public speakers in England have of late been smothering the French in the popular manner described above with laudations of their woman-kind, whose wonderful work during the war-time is, they declare, what has really saved France. The French accept these assertions politely, but without further responsiveness. There are two reasons for this: one is that they know they are not true, and, secondly, supposing that they believed in their sincerity, they are superfluous. The Frenchman is essentially a woman's man, and the Englishman can tell him nothing on the subject that he wants to know. He loves woman as perhaps no other nation does, and it is his love of her and the knowledge that love begets which dominates her. He is under no necessity to lie to her, or even to form illusions about her. He and she are both sure of one another. It may seem paradoxical to those who do not know the two nations otherwise than on the surface to say so, but this sureness in mutual relations between the sexes is less noticeable in England than in France. To give but one example: if the Englishman loved his womenkind as whole-heartedly as the Frenchman does he would have known how to dress them beautifully, while, in point of fact, he has only succeeded, in contradistinction from the Frenchman, in beautifully dressing himself. The Frenchman is too much absorbed by the contemplation of feminine perfections to care about his own wardrobe. He always looks as if his clothes had been cut out by the prudent and wholly unimpassioned hands of his



mother and sisters. A Frenchwoman's own formula in this connection suggests itself: "La femme aime à être aimée; pas autrement." The Englishman, and this is a general trait in the Teutonic character, expects the woman to love him.

In spite, then, of the lyrics that have recently been wafted over the Channel, the Frenchman knows that the war has been won essentially by the men, by the men who have risked their lives, have bled, have suffered the tortures of the damned, and died at the Front. They have died as men should to protect from the invader and the ravisher their homes, their womenkind, and their children. That they have succeeded in their task, at the sacrifice of hundreds and thousands of noble lives and an unheard-of martyrdom, is a crown of glory, to attempt to deprive them of which would be a most unpardonable moral crime, and one in which no French statesman, no section of French opinion, and, least of all, no Frenchwoman would dream of being the accomplices.

The Frenchman fully recognizes how splendidly the women have helped in the war, but in France, radically otherwise than in England, and except in certain classes wholly devoted to pleasure, all the women work. In the countryside the vast majority of them are just as familiar with the work of the fields, and have been so from youth upwards, as are the men. So the sight of them engaged in cultivating the land, which struck some English Minister when traveling recently through France as so extraordinary and admirable, admirable as it undoubtedly was, was extraordinary only on account of the relief given to the spectacle by the

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absence of the usual complement of men. Apart from the work to which women in France have always been accustomed, rendered doubly strenuous by the withdrawal of the male helpmeet, the French have not expected nor wanted their womenkind to take a specially active man's part in the war operations. Labor deficiencies in the munition factories were first of all supplied by Annamites and Arabs, and it was only recently that women have been substituted for the Colonials, who have failed to resist the unfavorable climatic conditions. All the same—and as to this there can be no doubt—the French are entirely satisfied with the large and very self-sacrificing share which the women have contributed to the task of national preservation, and if they have any grumble at all it is when certain Frenchwomen display a tendency, such as M. Durandy refers to in his article, to neglect the claims of the household and of motherhood for selfish indulgence in foolish and (especially at such a time as this) tactless pleasure-making, and what in England our Victorian grandmothers reproved as "gadding about."

With the whole of this question M. Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy, has recently dealt in a series of masterly articles, entitled "*La Famille Française*," which have been printed in *L'Illustration*. When they appear in book form, as they undoubtedly soon will, English people who can should read and weigh them if they would form an accurate idea of French feeling on this most important question of the work furnished by, and the obligations imposed on the two sexes as revealed and affected by the war, and by the conditions which will follow the war.

Rowland Strong.

## "ALL OUR WEALTH."

In the course of his impressive and well-timed address to the Foreign Press Association recently, in which he reminded his hearers of the events that led to the war, Lord Grey claimed that 'into this struggle we have put all our resources, all our wealth, all our material, and all our labor.' It is a proud claim, and the industrial and financial effort made by the country has been so gigantic and so successful that Lord Grey, whose attention is closely concentrated on other matters, may well be pardoned if he has slightly exaggerated the completeness of our sacrifice, and has stated what we ought to be doing as if it were already done. If the war is to have the right end, it is "plain as way to parish church" that all our wealth that can be brought to bear on it will have to be put into it. It is equally clear that this is not yet being done. The work of the War Savings Committee has had great success, but it may be doubted whether it has done much more than increase the saving effort of those who were already in the habit of saving; the great body of people, rich and poor, who cannot understand the wickedness of self-indulgence during this crisis, are still untouched by appeals to patriotism in the purse. The spending habit, and the fallacy which represented it as good for trade, are so ingrained in the minds of most classes that it would take years of preaching and education to modify them appreciably. Evidence of extravagance is on all sides in the west end of London. In the busy industrial centers, where war profits and war wages are being poured out, it is said to be even more blatantly obtrusive. Probably there is little to choose between the two sexes in this respect, but female extravagance is chiefly in a more visible form, being flaunted on the persons of

those who practise it; and the example set by fashionable women has been disastrous. It may almost be said that the splendid work done by women for the war has been rivaled by their achievements in barbaric vanity. Under "Fashion's Fancies," a recent *Bystander* observes that "those in authority in millinery realms must have been very much on the *qui vive* to produce anything so absolutely ideal to the modistic mood of the moment as the latest aspect of *velour* hats. In the best qualities these are simply carrying all before them, a big variety of becoming shapes enabling them to take a far more important place in all dress schemes than that held formerly by this particular type of headgear," and so on. The "modistic mood of the moment" surely deserves to live as an expression of the preoccupation, during the greatest crisis that ever shook the world, of many members of the sex that claims a larger share of spiritual sensibility. Small wonder that on another page of the same magazine a soldier on leave is quoted as remarking "one night, as we watched the seething crowds of semi-stage sirens doing the very latest things in trots and saunters at the very best supper club: 'Lovely crowd to die for. What?'" It is small wonder also that when the working classes see, and read of, these extravagances going on "as usual," they should be more or less deaf to the appeal for self-denial in war-time, seeing that it means so much to them to forego the chance that higher wages give them of improving their standard of comfort. If all our wealth is to be put into the war, it is evident that new measures will have to be taken to divert much of it from purely frivolous, and often vulgar, self-indulgence. All our wealth cannot be used for the war. Much of it

is in the shape of fixed capital, which is necessary to production, and could not, even if it were desirable, be shot out of a gun. What is possible, and will have to be done, is that our whole productive energy, apart from what is needed to keep us alive and healthy, should be put into war purposes.

How can it be done? If it be true that voluntary appeals will take years to break down the barriers of the spending habit, what course is left? Two things the Government can do. It can tax more boldly and drastically, making everything except necessities so dear that the most extravagant will think twice before indulging in self-indulgence, and taking a bigger toll of incomes, and especially of war profits; and it can conduct its borrowing in such a way that it will be more attractive to those whom offers of commonplace securities leave cold. There is at present an enormous waste of labor in carrying unnecessary letters and worse than unnecessary circulars. An all-round doubling of postal charges would give no one a real grievance, and would either bring in revenue or save labor, or both. The railway tax, abandoned last spring before the first whimper of protest, would discourage a form of extravagance that is a serious strain on our depleted railway staffs. Alcohol and tobacco want taxing much more heavily, and the entertainments tax, having won its spurs, might now strike a harder blow at an often unhealthy form of self-indulgence. If the excess profits tax were raised to 80 per cent, the grievance of those who believe that they are being exploited by profiteers would be allayed, and much vulgar spending by those unaccustomed to wealth's responsibility would be checked. The 5s income-tax, for which public opinion was ready a year ago, might be made into a reality. But what is most wanted is a general tax on consumption. It is not the man who

earns, but the man who spends who has to be discouraged. In the days of Mexico's financial prosperity under President Diaz a useful tax was there imposed in the shape of a stamp on all purchases. Sellers were required to have an invoice book with counterfoils. A perforated stamp was fixed partly on the invoice and partly on the counterfoil, and the invoice, with part of the stamp adhering, was torn out and handed to the buyer. The system is described, by one who lived under it for many years, as having worked easily and well. The buyer paid the value of the stamp, which was at a rate equal to about  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d in the pound, and was only imposed on purchases of 20 pesos or upwards. Such a system—made more drastic for war purposes—might clearly be a convenient novelty here, taking a toll of extravagance and leaving small purchases free. There is also much to be said in these days for a *pro rata* receipt stamp instead of the flat 1d on all transactions over £2.

As to borrowing methods, calculated to charm money out of the pockets of those to whom all ordinary forms of saving are strange and unpleasant, there can be no question that an issue of premium bonds would have an effect such as no other kind of investment would exercise. It has even been argued that the working classes would be so eager to subscribe for premium bonds that they would stint themselves too severely in order to do so. This may well be doubted, but the experience of France has shown that premium bonds have—as would naturally be expected—a great attraction for those whose savings are necessarily so small that they seem hardly worth while unless they can be placed with a chance of a prize as well as full security. The social and political effects of increasing the number of small investors in Government Funds need not be insisted on,

and can hardly be exaggerated. If Lord Grey's claim is to be made good, some more energetic policy in developing our financial hitting power is clearly overdue. The alternative is to leave  
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inflation to do the work, by the cruel method of reducing consumption through high prices, with all the possible evils that may arise from such a system.

## THE OLDEST REPUTATION IN ENGLAND.

After the oyster feast there was talk, as Tennyson has it, "across the smoke of burning weeds." The host, tired of the endless babble concerning super-Zeppelins, the intentions of Hindenburg, high prices and official waste, the date of peace, turned the conversation another way:

"Let us leave the futilities of the war prophet to war experts and rose-water Socialists. Give a rest to war talk. We don't win it by talking about it. Let us consider the oldest reputation in England. What is it?"

The answers were various. One spoke of the Druids, another of woad, a third of the flint industry of Brandon, a fourth of British bad manners. But none of these answers satisfied the company. The present Druid is not a Druid in the real sense of the word, and his reputation is confined to a single event in the year, when Mr. Lloyd George talks popular politics to him. When Collins wrote:

"In yonder grave [query?—grove] a Druid lies," he was celebrating a mild Scotchman who was no priest, and had no authority except as Surveyor-General by deputy of the Leeward Islands. Woaded cloth is still known in the trade, but has no particular reputation, and is more black than blue. As for the flints of Brandon, they hold the field easily in mere antiquity, but they can hardly be said to have a reputation in England nowadays. We do not use them as our ancestors did. The idea of British bad manners was universally scouted. Horace did, indeed, as the

Scholar of the company said, describe the Britons as "fierce to strangers," but that was only a proper spirit of independence. Who would wear his heart on his sleeve for an invading Roman?

"The Roman roads?" queried another.

"No; they have lost some of their reputation; they are tediously straight. Everyone knows that the longer way round is the shorter way over; and, in any case, the fame I am thinking of begins earlier. Ingrates, thrice gorged ingrates, I am thinking of the British oyster."

The Scholar brightened, and the whole company burst into animated reminiscences of the glorious bivalve—of Gargantuan guzzlings, poisonings, wonderful recoveries of health, natives and other sorts, pearls and pearl-divers. Amid the tumult of voices it was difficult to hear much, but the loudest proclaimed their voracity at the expense of their veracity. Some few facts and reminiscences, however, emerged. The oldest reputation was established out of Juvenal. The connoisseur of the Fourth Satire, familiar with Nero's midnight orgies, could nicely discriminate at the first taste the native oyster from that bred on Richborough beds. Richborough (*Rutupiæ*), the site of which is not far from Sandwich, was a large Roman settlement, and, Ammianus says, one end of the regular route to France and Boulogne. Horace knew oysters as a medicine for the disordered overeater, and all the Roman



gourmets appreciated their quality. They were fattened in the Lucrine Lake, made into hot dishes, and eaten with a particular sort of bread.

As long ago as 1599 it was declared "unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an r in their name to eat an oyster." Yet there was a notion that on St. James's Day (25 July) whoever ate them would not want money for the rest of the year. This superstition was, however, mainly due to the demand, not for oysters, but for oyster shells on that day to make the shrine of St. James, still recalled in London streets with the cry: "Remember the grotto." The French have long made efforts to keep the oyster in season all the year round. They have many more sorts than we have, and one of them, with that admirable gaiety which distinguishes our neighbors, wears a green beard.

The distinction of the pearl alone would set the oyster far above other foods. The messenger of Antony in Shakespeare's great play presents a pearl with the message:

"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster."

Touchstone remarks that "Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster." Benedick "will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool" as to fall in love. Even so, in the state of a bivalve he might be unfortunate, for Sheridan tells us that "an oyster may be crossed in love."

If these be trifles, we may think of the magnificent declaration of Pistol:  
"Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open."

Oysters have made and maintained heroes: superior to the claims of to-

bacco, Frederick the Great could not do without them, and when, says Macaulay, "more than four rixdollars were asked him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress."

Moderns might be equally furious at the differences between wholesale and retail prices, and resolve always to buy a barrel of oysters at a time.

For sweetness alike of taste and demeanor this priceless food is unrivaled. Thackeray, in his essay on George Cruikshank, says of an illustration of an oyster:

"Examine him well: his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweetsmile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way—cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, translucent wave again."

The fancy of Dickens played round the oyster. He writes from Washington, in 1842, to the American Professor Felton:

"Come to England! Come to England! Our oysters are small, I know; they are said by Americans to be coppery. Our oysters, small though they be, are not devoid of the refreshing influence which that species of fish is supposed to exercise in these latitudes."

To the same friend he suggests that "the air of New York, being impregnated with the flavor of last year's oysters has a surprising effect in rendering the human frame supple and flexible in all cases of rust."

And the oyster-openers, what, he wonders, do they do when oysters are not in season? "Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season. Who knows?" The

last thought is unworthy of a mollusc entirely delightful and refreshing and unassociated with savagery, unless, indeed, primitive man shaved with an oyster shell.

In the earlier days of Dickens oysters (even the best natives) could be had for sixpence a dozen. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" Kit led his party, after the show at Astley's, into a private box, fitted up with red curtains, white tablecloth, and cruet-stand complete, and ordered from a fierce gentleman with whiskers three dozen of his largest-sized oysters. It sounds an expensive meal for poor people, until we remember Sam Weller's remark to Mr. Pickwick that "poverty and oysters always seems to go together."

That was indeed a great epoch, when such a delicacy was cheap. England's greatness declined when the native was improved out of existence. That superfluity which is very necessary for the true enjoyment of food in the oyster only has no bad results. Somebody did point out that there were a few bad records against the oyster. Mr. Chatter asked Roderick Random to visit professionally Mr. Medlar, for "he must certainly be very bad from  
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having eat last night such a vast quantity of raw oysters." But Mr. Chatter had no more regard for the truth than Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, and Mr. Medlar utterly denied the foolish impeachment. Who, indeed, can depreciate the glorious bivalve which was praised by the New Comedy of Greece, censured by Clement of Alexandria as the delight of the hedonist, specially secured by Johnson for his cat, and declared by Grimaud de la Regnière in the "Almanac des Gourmands" to be wearisome—after the sixth dozen?

Admirably gregarious and prolific the oyster is a model for modern nations; the home, not of lost causes, but living charms; the easiest, yet the most nourishing of foods, the most attractive of submarines. Confronted with such a miracle, wise men imitate the Walrus or the Carpenter—they eat more oysters than other people, or as many as they can get. They reject "the lore of nicely calculated less or more." They know why Robinson Crusoe, with all his resources and ingenuities, lacked gaiety, and remained a prig; there were no oysters round his island.

Vernon Rendall.

#### FATHER YEVGENY.

The faces in the passing crowd are always somewhat of an enigma. There are so many that we do not know, each with his own wide story, which, however, does not touch our story. One is tempted to go up and place the hand in the slightly unwilling and doubtful hand of the stranger and say, "I know you, do I not?" And it is always somewhat of a miracle if in the midst of the sea of faces there suddenly turns up one familiar face. There happened to me in Moscow this summer a real miracle of this kind. I met one of my pilgrims

again, one of those I accompanied to Jerusalem five years ago, whom I did not expect to see again—the aged hermit Yevgeny.

I passed and repassed him twice, and he for his part stopped and seemed to be vaguely wondering what he should do next. 'Twas outside the Yaroslavsky station, and I was hurrying to catch a suburban train to visit some friends. There was a great swirl of traffic, and many trams were circling and groaning, emptying and receiving passengers.

"Father Yevgeny," said I. "Do you not recognize me?"

He seemed taken aback, and shrank rather as if the devil had taken a new form to tempt him. I recalled that he was considerably troubled by the devil—

"We met at Jerusalem, did we not?" said I. "Don't you remember, we used to read the Bible together in the mornings?"

Then he recognized me, and a bright and happy smile transfigured his pallid, wrinkled cheeks and sunken eyes.

He lifted up his bent shoulders and kissed me, first on one cheek, then on the other, and proclaimed in a loud voice. "God has done this. It is a miracle. He meant that we should meet again. But how changed you are! You have grown taller. Yes, it is you. But it is a miracle. God has done it."

We were a strange contrast. I in a light summer suit and wearing a straw hat, he, in any case a remarkable figure, tall though drooping, with yellowish white ancient locks and toothless gums. Several people stopped to look at us, and some approached more closely to hear what we were talking about. The representatives of two contrary worlds seemed to have met, for I seemed to belong to that gay worldly commercial Moscow which is so out of touch with Holy Russia, and the monk was one of those forbidding figures one would not expect to smile and be demonstrative in the public street.

I wrote him my address, and he promised to come to me on the morrow. I then sped on to catch the train, my heart full of delight at this surprising meeting, this true miracle to which the bright Sunday had given birth.

Next day Yevgeny came to the hotel at which I was staying and asked for me. He had put on for the occasion an old straw hat and over it a surprisingly old and dirty Egyptian sun-helmet. In his hand he bore a tall cypress staff

with a cross on the top, a true palmer's staff but a rare enough sight in Moscow.

The porter of the hotel is artificially made fat like a swell coachman, and he wears in his hat a circle of tips of peacock-feathers which make him look very grand. It is his business to know everyone who goes in and out of the great hotel. Probably for the first time in his experience a monk made to enter the establishment. Father Yevgeny and he—again two worlds confronting one another.

"No. 214 on the second floor," said the respectful man in charge of keys and correspondence.

"This way!" said a small boy, pointing to the lift.

But old Yevgeny had never been on a lift in his life.

"My sinful old legs will carry me up," said he, and he mounted the many stretches of broad carpeted stairway to the second floor, which is really the third. There was a timid knock at my door, and my visitor had arrived.

"Father Yevgeny!" I cried.

I showed him his portrait in my book, and translated aloud the chapter written there about him. He seemed to be extremely pleased. We considered the portraits of the other pilgrims in turn. Abraham, who had been twenty times to Jerusalem, was of a Cossack family. The man carrying the lantern designed for the holy fire was now dead. The priest standing beside the dead pilgrim in the picture was now at Troitskaya Lavra. I made Father Yevgeny a present of the volume, and he bade me write in it in Russian, "To the hermit Yevgeny of Mount Athos."

"How is it you come to be in Moscow and not at Mount Athos?" I asked.

"The war prevented me. I had come back to Russia to visit my native village before I died, and whilst I was here the war broke out. I was hastening back, but our Moscow Metropole

put his hand on my head one Sunday after morning service and said, 'Thou art thinking of going to Afon—wait, do not go.' Then war with Turkey commenced, and the way was stopped. Good Father Philaret of the Bogoyavlensky Monastery gave me shelter, and that is where I am living now."

He recounted how, when the war broke out, he had a vision. He looked up into the sky, and it was filled with little white clouds hurrying southward. He was mistaken in thinking them clouds; he saw later that they were in fact the hosts of the angels ranging themselves on the side of Serbia to save her from the Austrians.

Yevgeny and I spent the whole day together. In the evening I had to go to Petrograd, and he saw me off at the station. He talked a great deal about his visions. For instance, he had seen the Kingdom of Heaven. One sunny afternoon in the monastery yard he fell into a trance, and in the trance he saw what he had wanted to see all his life—a vision of the Kingdom. "There are really four heavens," said he. "The first is so splendid, so full of light, that it is almost impossible to look at it; and in the midst of the light sit the Holy Trinity. Round and round them all the while and forever the cherubs keep moving, and they sing *oi-oi-oi-ei-ei-ei-ai-ai-ai* . . . and never cease for a moment. In the second heaven I saw the apostles and the prophets. In the third heaven were the holy *ugodniki*, and in the fourth were a great crowd of all sorts and conditions of men and women all in white. There were many, many of our Russians there—I was so glad, so full of joy, that I wept. And then suddenly it all vanished, and I found myself in the monastery yard on my knees, and my hands were on the white head of an old, old pilgrim woman. I asked her if she had seen anything, but she had seen nothing."

I asked Father Yevgeny about the Mount Athos heresy, and the name-of-Godites, as the heretics were irreverently called. I had a faint suspicion that Yevgeny might be one of them. But he was very robustly against them. "It all sprang from one man who was himself illiterate," said he. "He held that as the Three were One, therefore Jesus and God were one and the same, and that in the beginning Jesus made the heavens and the earth. And he got a great following among the Russian monks. But he was altogether in the wrong, and if he had read he would have understood that Jesus the Son of God was born in the fullness of time, and the Name of God must therefore have priority. Ah! now they have all confessed they were wrong, and have been pardoned."

We walked out into the Moscow streets, and all the while the old monk talked most energetically, and made astonishing gestures. His large, intellectual face with wizened white eyebrows, and fine eyes at the bottom of caverns of wrinkled flesh, was full of animation, his gap-toothed mouth blurted the long torrent of words which it could hardly control, his long black gown from neck to ankles flapped in the wind.

I was sorry to have to part with him again so soon. But I promised to re-find him when I returned to Moscow. He came with me to the Kursky station. "God meant that we should meet again," said he. "It was a miracle. All my life is full of miracles." He told me the miracles of his birth. His mother was one of the serfs. She married, but was eight years childless. This caused her great grief, and she did not cease to pray to God that she might bear a child. "If it be a boy, he shall be either a soldier or a monk," she promised God. Interesting that she should feel that to be a soldier was also to be consecrated to God



Yevgeny was born, and when he grew up he volunteered to be a soldier, and went to fight the Turks. He was wounded, and as he lay on the battlefield in great pain, and facing death, he promised his life to God. He then rapidly recovered, and, fulfilling his promise, entered a monastery. Since then all his life he has allowed himself to be guided by visions and inspirations rather than by reason.

The Westminster Gazette.

In the vague light in the train all the passengers were quarreling over places, and the porters were struggling with baskets and bundles. The old monk stood on the gray platform and embraced me very warmly, and then I stepped up, and the third bell tinkled and the whistle blew, and the train slowly ran out—leaving Yevgeny at the far end of the platform and the space of unoccupied rails behind the train momentarily increasing.

Stephen Graham.

## FRENCH POETRY AND THE WAR.

Sainte-Beuve once wrote, with reference to the events of 1815: "At these moments of universal rending, it happens, I imagine, that the ideal which lies behind this terrestrial world is revealed, made suddenly visible, to certain eyes." It may be romanticism, but sometimes one discovers oneself awaiting, in spite of oneself, the emergence of something great from the "Great War"—even in literature. One asks oneself: Is there not, in the midst of the "universal rending" of today, one man whose eye has received, through the briefly open chink, a gleam from this ideal world, rays of light on the dark future? Is there not one poet whose genius, awakened by the horror and the heroism of the time, will be able to express the new spirit of the men of tomorrow?

But these expectations are evidently in the worst taste, and what is more serious, they are founded on the worst psychology. The likeliest thing is that, once the first shock is over, everybody will resettle his spectacles on his nose, and look at the war and everything else through his accustomed glasses. That is already happening. The village priest explains the war by the sins of his parishioners, or, alternatively, by the Lutheran heresy; and M. Bergson, at

the zenith of his glory and wisdom, explains the war by the conflict between the mechanistic and the living which had already served, in the earlier stages of his career, as an explanation of laughter and the comic sense. And we got the same impression from the "anthology of the poets of the war" which a publisher brought out a year ago, and the verses which have appeared since then in newspapers and reviews. One turns these pages, full of feeling, spirituality, brilliance, and one is still cheated; there is still somebody missing, the man one expected and has not found. What one finds has been long familiar. Rostand, the sham national poet, continues to wave his *panache* over a war which has no room for *panache*, his verbal heroism sets the "blue horizon" of the French uniforms over against the "casemate gray and prison brown" of the Germans:

Et pour le monde il sied, puisque Berlin  
et Vienne  
Ne peuvent pesamment mettre en  
marche qu'un mur  
Que notre Armée à nous soit l'Horizon  
qui vient.

Madame de Noailles unfolds her simple  
and admirable strophes à la Hugo,

Jean Aicard and his clan are saved by the details of heroism, anecdotes, the side-shows of war; a score of witty *poètes faubouriens* sprinkle the war with epigrams, and keep up an old French tradition by refusing to take the war tragically or the Boche seriously. We have in the army a song-writer recognized and selected by the Ministry to keep up by his verses the morale of his soldiers. The idea is excellent and the man is excellent; but the poet in Th. Botrel, a Breton, a republican and a Catholic, is too frequently sentimental, is not sufficiently "popular" and not enough of an artist, and stops on the frontiers of genuine art. . . . One wants something different.

But why ask for what is perhaps impossible? Amongst the foremost writers, men whose genius was formed before the war, and for whom one cannot expect a new revelation, there are some who have been writing far above the ordinary level. Here are, for example, two recent books by two very different poets, Paul Fort and Paul Claudel. Paul Fort struck on the original and attractive idea, at the beginning of the war, of a journal in verse, a sort of "lyrical bulletin of the war," and it is the first year of these *Poèmes de France*\* which have now been collected into one volume. Paul Fort is the sole editor of this paper, unique of its kind, and interesting to others besides the collectors of rare publications. He is, in fact, a true poet, one of those poets who cannot be imagined as anything else than poets and whose *raison d'être* is to be a song; and the poet who filled the nineteen volumes of the *Ballades* has no need of a collaborator to fill his Bulletin. Because of this abundant fluency, envious persons have accused him of lacking greatness; his charm and harmonious lucidity have caused people

to deny him depth; and the love and esteem that artists have for him have led to accusations of being a mere virtuoso of words and rhythms. But his *Ballades* (as those who have read them know) are often ballads only in name, and from the naïve song to the historical novel in verse and the epic fragment touch every string on the lyre. He does not envelop his landscapes and rhythms in mist; but, as has been observed, light also has its mystery. This great virtuoso is more than a virtuoso, he is a great nature poet: pervading all his work there is a pantheism, now noble and now familiar, a joy of living, an exultation in the beauty of things. The nature he prefers, however—that of which one thinks when one thinks of Paul Fort—is the charming, clear, and temperate nature of the Ile-de-France where the sky is so soft over the old gardens of the little towns. And that grace and light, and that curious naïveté of the good child and the child who lives in an enchanted world without appearing to see any of its ugliness, might have seemed likely to make Paul Fort the last poet to sing the sublime horrors of this war. But there came the great tide of emotion in August, 1914, and the existence of France was in danger; his beloved towns were destroyed, burned, defiled by the invader; and indignation struck out the notes of bronze which had seemed to be beyond Paul Fort's range. He hammered with immortal blows the "monstrous general Baron von Plattenberg" who destroyed the Cathedral of Rheims on which the child Paul Fort's eyes had opened; and he scourged the defilers of Senlis. But Fort's soul was not made for hatred; he prefers enthusiasm and admiration. In his poems on the English and the Belgians he expresses with profound truthfulness the emotions of gratitude and affection that the French feel towards their Allies. He sings also

\**Poèmes de France*. By Paul Fort. Payot, Paris. 3f. 50.

of heroism and victory: his song on the victory of the Marne, of which Gourmont wished that a hundred thousand copies could be sent to the Army, rings clear as a cock-crow on a French farm at dawn, simple and stirring as the lark's song over the fields, over the battle-field:

Halt! et dans la splendeur de l'automne empourprée—Joffre a laissé traduire au clairon son beau cri—Qui vole matinal de Verdun à Paris,—Sur le coteau, sous bois, au fleuve et par les prés! . . .

Poems like this are certainly "poems of France," in which the emotion, however heroic, remains familiar and smiling, and indignation and contempt are not enveloped and envenomed by a mysticism of hate.

The "Three War Poems"\* of Claudel are very different. They arrest one at the outset by their largeness of phrase and feeling; they march with a hieratic solemnity, a majestic eloquence. In France eloquence and poetry are too often confounded. Claudel is eloquent and a poet, and his poetry is full of life. The last of his poems, a great hymn which mingles like two musical themes the memory of the long winter and the first breath of spring, the dead soldiers of the Republic and the living armies which feel the first breath of victory, and the first poem, *Tant que vous voudrez, mon général*, which expresses, in its rough words, its homely, burning eloquence, the soul of the men in the fighting line: these two would carry any reader away. The second poem is more typical of the art of Claudel, who is at once a great poet and a logician with a rigorous metaphysic, and it is a question whether the logician has cramped and embarrassed the poet or helped the development of his musings. At all events, in this poem the poet and the philosopher

\**Trois Poèmes de Guerre*. By Paul Claudel. Nouvelle Revue Française.

walk hand in hand, the idea develops parallel with the poetic image, the mystic idea of the earth drenched with the blood of innocent victims and rebelling against this crime which is repugnant to its nature, slowly ripening a harvest of vengeance from the bodies of the murdered. And the idea culminates in a vision which recalls the old Prophets, the vision of the German army held in an inexorable grip between the army of enemies which contains it and will overwhelm it, and the army of the butchered who rise "*dans la nuit pleine de Dieu*." The Germans are caught, in this vision, between the line of enemy trenches and that other line, from Nomény to Termonde, a great black stain on the earth, loosely strewn over the dead, and moving. "Claudel, with all his irritating faults, is certainly the greatest poet alive in France and perhaps in Europe," wrote the other day a friend of mine, who, being a Socialist, a Jew, and a poet himself, could certainly not be suspected of prepossessions in Claudel's favor. One is tempted to subscribe to this judgment oneself when one has just read these poems, and especially when one has just read them a second time; for every word in them is used with its full synthetic meaning and only gives up its treasures to close inspection.

One must also mention a few younger poets who are with the army, and who, like F. Porché and Henri Ghéon, proclaim their "Faith in France." In this awakening of poetry in war-time, and not only the poetry of the elders of the rearguard, there is a sign of happy augury. No doubt the awful slaughter of the young, as Gourmont observed, goes on, and before this massacre many lose heart and foresee nothing but a great void in the generations who will have to rebuild on the ruins, and who, preoccupied with this task of material reconstruction and deprived of the flower of their youth, will have no lei-

sure to write, or even to read, poetry. But there are others who, timidly and quietly, predict for France a great literary era, a poetic blooming, something of a classic age. One cannot see into the future, above all the literary future: the wind bloweth where it listeth. But there is certainly reason for hope. The war need not necessarily produce a genius or create a new soul, but it is conceivable that the spiritual atmosphere produced by great common

The New Statesman.

emotions and countless known and unknown deeds of heroism may blend already existing elements, may bring with it the degree of tension which will release the music of a soul long ago prepared. This is no doubt romanticism, "messianism"! But, after all, romanticism renewed literatures after the wars of a century ago; and, whilst one has hope and love in one's breast, why should one not be a little of a messianist?

Pierre Chavannes.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "Bodbank," a collection of unusually human stories centering about Bodbank, a Mississippi town in the Illinois Corn Belt, Richard Washburn Child gives us an entrée into the life of a typically American community with a delightful flavor and individuality. The stories are told in the back room of the old Phoenix Hotel by members of the "Back Room Club," a "group of old men who are mentioned as prominent citizens in the *Daily Pilot*." Each story reveals the character of its narrator as well as some aspect of the community's life or some different angle from which to view its events. This relieves the collection of the monotony which is the unhappy impression left by many volumes of short stories which are delightful if read singly. Here we see human nature itself, its whimsicalities, its pathos, its humor, its meannesses, and its nobility. There is food for tears as well as laughter and it is almost impossible to lay the book down before it is finished, in fact there is no good "stopping place," even if the division is into separate stories. Henry Holt and Company.

"The Tutor's Story" is an unpublished novel by the late Charles Kingsley, revised and completed by his daughter, Lucas Malet. The manuscript was discovered in 1914 when

Kingsley's daughter had her first opportunity to make a thorough examination of his literary notebooks and manuscripts, published and unpublished. Of "The Tutor's Story," there were about one hundred and fifty foolscap pages, some of which were fairly consecutive, the rest stray chapters, outlines of chapters, suggestions, etc. The characters were there, the scenery, at least in part, and the plot "firmly based though unresolved." Lucas Malet tells us in the introduction; and it has been her task to weld these fragments into a single novel which should as nearly as possible fulfil Kingsley's intentions for it. This work has been so well done that had we not been told we should not know that two hands had been engaged at it. The atmosphere of the time in which Kingsley lived and wrote, the charm and distinction of his style, and his peculiar grace have been wonderfully preserved and reconstructed. The story is about a young nobleman whose foes were the members of his own household, plotting for his ruin and undoing, and the part which his tutor played in saving him from himself and from them. It is an interesting tale in itself apart from its peculiar literary interest and we may well be grateful for its discovery. Dodd, Mead and Company.